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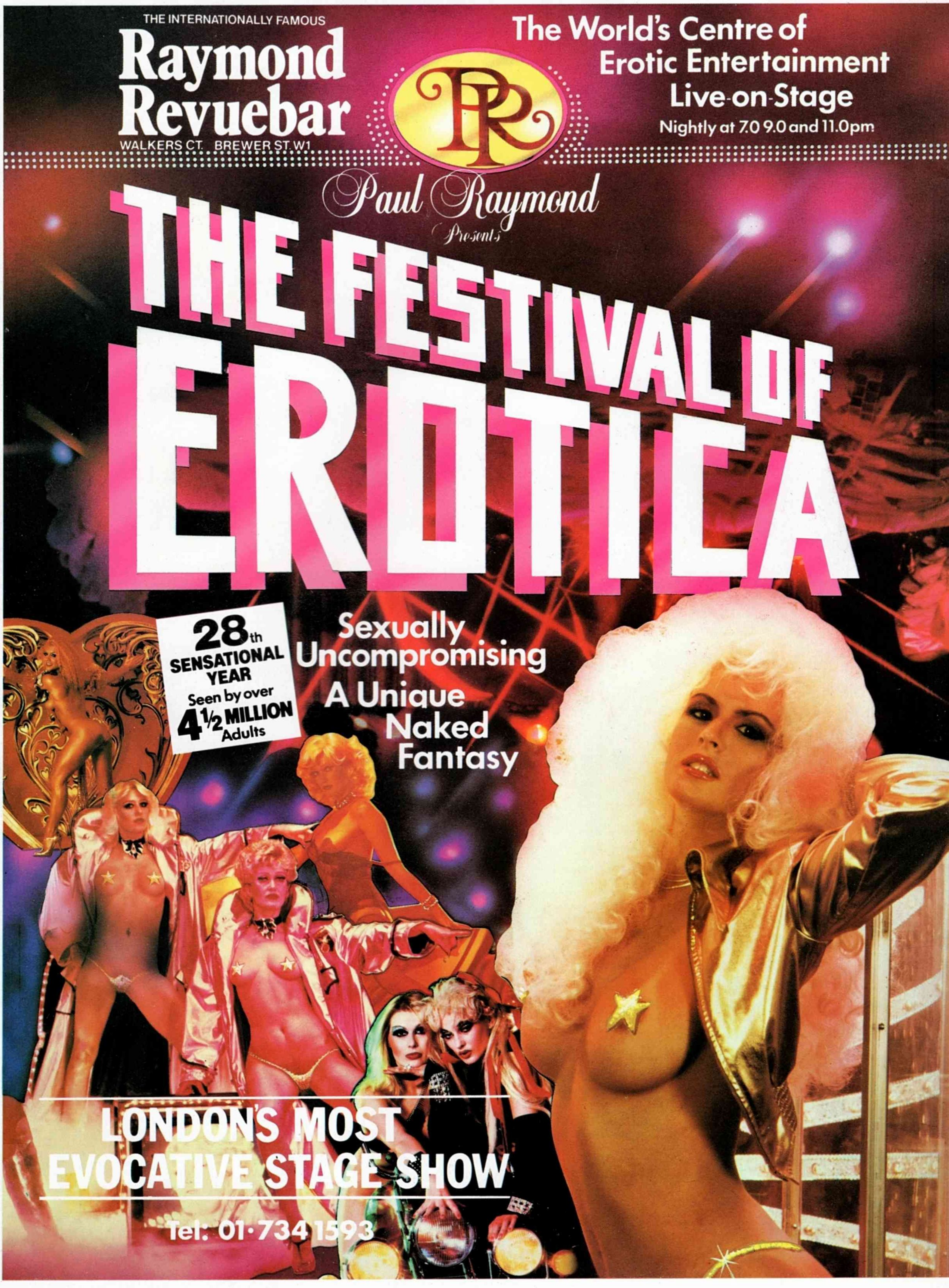

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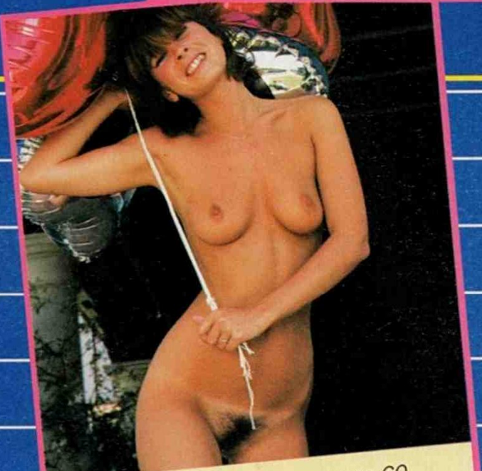
club Contents

The transformation's complete – page 88



A taste of France on page 60

READERS' WRITES Page 4
Your Letters

KIM Page 8
Photos by Ian Potter

LIFE WITH LINZI Page 14
Linzi Drew

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA Page 24
Edited by Nigel Buxton

ROXANNE Page 30
Photos by Serge Jacques

SKETCH CLUB Page 36
Saucy Cartoons

CLUB PORTRAIT Page 38
Nicholas Whittaker talks to Ray Cooney

RACHEL Page 44
Photos by Dwight Fox

Dawn gets off to a flier on page 56

CLASSIC BOOK CLUB Page 52
Belinda's Narrative

CLUB BIKER Page 56
Dawn Beaven

THE FRENCH CONNECTION Page 60
Photos by Rupert Daines

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF . . . Page 66
The Marquis de Sade

CLUB EVENT Page 69
Photos by Paul Diamond

CLUB COMIC Page 74
Brian O'Hanlon meets Nigel Rees

CHARLEY Page 76
Photos by Ian Potter

WOMEN'S WRITES Page 82
Lady Readers' Indiscretions

CLUB CHANCE Page 88
Photos by Dave Antony

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READERS WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers' Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Pubic Address

May I express my delight on seeing the superbly-shaved Chantale in Vol 14 No 12. Such high-quality pictures of a depilated model are all too infrequent in your pages.

My preference for the hairless female body dates from the early 60s, when I dabbled in nude photography myself. All but two of the 20 or so models I worked with were clean-shaven, as pubic hair was considered very daring in those days. Unlike many of today's beauties, the two exceptions were entirely untrimmed and had the most luxuriant bushes – one auburn, one brunette – which is probably the reason for not depilating.

The dark one, I remember, also retained that highly-erotic line of hairs running up from the triangle to the navel which is seldom seen now.

However, to return to the majority. Much as I was enamoured of the smooth curves and contours revealed by the hairless pubis, it was apparent that some girls' appearance is not improved by the removal of pubic hair. Just as some faces look better with a beard, a vulva which is excessively open or has a large, protruding clitoris is much more attractive if concealed by its natural covering.

This does not, of course, apply to Chantale, who has the most delightfully neat little pussy I have seen for many years. Please let us have some more shots of this excellent model and any equally attractive, depilated models you can find. *Peter, West Yorkshire*

Hot Angie

My wife Angela and I really enjoy your magazine. Angela is an attractive, shapely, 27-year-old hot Italian. She stands five foot six, and measures 40-25-35.

To please me, Angela wears lacy suspender belts with stockings. She knows just how much I love to see her nude, and wearing a lacy, beige-coloured suspender belt, suntan or grey-coloured seamed stockings, and black, high-heeled shoes. Now – and mainly for my benefit – she hardly ever wears tights: praise be the suspender belt!

Sometimes, the strumpet doesn't wear any knickers; what a gorgeous sight it is to look up her dress and see her beautiful pussy. Isn't married life wonderful?

Craig, Cambridge

Socked!

For many years now, I've been a sock fetishist; I cannot control my lust when I see a pretty girl wearing knee-length woolly socks.

Recently, I got so excited at a religious ceremony, I climaxed just by looking at the socks of the lady deacon. My girlfriend knows about my kinky tastes, and she often opens the door wearing nothing but a pair of woolly socks and an apron.

Do any of your readers share my perversion? Perhaps you could publish some shots of lovely ladies wearing nothing but socks.

Robert, London

Top Ten Corner

1 Anne Diamond (TV-am)
2 Janet Ellis (Blue Peter)
3 Selina Scott (TV presenter)
4 Linzi Drew
5 Mitzi May (model)
6 Sarah Greene (TV presenter)
7 Tyne Daly (Cagney and Lacey)
8 Anneka Rice (TV presenter)
9 Marie Harper (model)
10 Angela Rippon (TV presenter)

John R, Northampton

That's Shallot

I don't know whether Club readers are artistically inclined, but I'd like to tell them how I recently fulfilled my greatest fantasy after waiting for over ten years.

When I was about 15, my mum and dad took me to the Tate Gallery in London. I'd never been much of an art buff, but my parents seemed to think it was a good way of filling up some time in the summer holidays and as they promised me a burger and chips afterwards I went along with the arrangements. As I expected I got pretty bored; my mum and dad were really interested, though, and the time seemed to drag eternally as we sauntered round looking at weirdo Picassos and drab Constables.

Then we came to a painting that stunned me. I was rooted to the spot, in fact. It was a painting by a guy called Waterhouse entitled *The Lady of Shallot*. It shows this really amazing woman sitting in a small boat in the middle of a magical lake. She's dressed in white and has the most beautiful, long, flowing hair I've ever seen. I fell in love with her staight away and just couldn't take my eyes off her. But after all, she was only a painting, a lady from Arthurian legend, and I knew she was destined to remain a fantasy.

Still, in the years that passed, she remained my ideal woman. You just don't see those kind of girls around in the '80s: it's all punk hair-dos, heavy make-up and aggressive attitudes. I've been out with a few girls, but

For the dozens who wrote, including Peter (above), here's another look at smooth Chantale none of them ever matched up to my dream lady. That is, until I met Josephine – working in a newsagents, would you believe?

It goes without saying that I soon became an avid reader of all sorts of journals; any excuse to go into the shop and see my favourite lady. Well, I knew I couldn't let my big chance slip away, so I lost no time in striking up conversation and we were soon having a regular chat every time I went in. Then came the big moment – asking her out – but it wasn't a problem because she agreed straight away and, before I knew it, I was sitting in a relaxing pub sharing a drink or two with her.

A lot of people have fantasies as a way of avoiding contact with real people – but it wasn't like that with me. I didn't put Josephine on a pedestal; I wasn't going to be content with simpering adulation. I wanted to see her in all her naked glory and have her in my bed with me . . .

It wasn't long before I got my chance. I took Josephine out to dinner one evening – the usual candlelit affair with a bottle of Chablis and good food, and then I asked her back to my place 'for coffee'. She agreed quite eagerly, and I could barely contain myself during the short drive home.

As soon as we got through the door, I put my arms around her and we shared a long, loving kiss which sent an electrical message straight into my groin. My hands trembling, I began to unbutton her dress, one button at a time, until it fell open, revealing the most exquisite body I have ever seen. Tall and slim, she had lovely long legs, creamy thighs, a trim, flat belly, and the sight of her firm breasts nestling in her lacy white bra made me literally quiver with desire.

Pulling her over towards the bed, I reached behind her and unclipped her bra. Her boobs tumbled free with a gentle quiver, the pink nipples already stiff with anticipation. They felt so good in my hands, just the right size – big enough to be wobbly, but small enough not to be droopy. She sighed as I tweaked her nipples with my fingers. 'Please, Alan,' she murmured huskily, 'take me now.'

I needed no second offer and I slowly drew down her panties to reveal the loveliest, rounded, tight little arse I'd ever seen and a delightful tuft of pubic hair. Laying her down on her back on the sheet, I gently parted her legs to find she was already wet. Tearing off my clothes to reveal an erection of massive proportions – I swear it had grown an extra inch or so – I climbed on to the bed beside her and began kissing her, from her lips to her nipples to her navel to her moist, little pussy. Then, unable to withhold myself any longer, I climbed between her legs and slipped my aching dick right up into her tight little pussy. It was sheer heaven. What can I say – I was fucking my dream: it was bizarre and ecstatic at the same time, unbelievable . . . Even so, I managed to last out for some time before I let loose my creamy spunk into her to a climactic moan from her. Fantastic!

Alan, Felixstowe

Inviting Jane

Congratulations on *Club Chance*. It's a great idea to show how perfectly ordinary girls can be transformed into stunning models. Switching from black-and-white to colour is unusual, but highly effective.

So far, I'm particularly taken with Jane (Vol 14 No 12) – what magnificent boobs! Her final full-page pose seemed to shout out 'fuck me!' Everything about her is inviting: hair, eyes, lips, cunt and, of course, those boobs.

I'm green with envy for Jane's boyfriends: just thinking of some guy bouncing up and down on such a fantastic body makes my nine-incher stand on end.

Let's hope it isn't a case of goodbye to Jane . . .

Dennis, Hull

An inviting pose from 'chancer' Jane

Going Undie-ground (1)

I have been infatuated by women's undies for a long time, and have often found them to be a great help to me to improve my satisfaction when wanking. I have purchased some sexy panties and bras, and I recently bought a pink suspender belt and stockings from my local lingerie supplier.

On a recent visit to some friends, I used the excuse of going for a piss to get the chance to look through some of the undies belonging to my friend's wife, Linda. I didn't get much of a chance in the limited time I had, but, on opening the door to the airing cupboard, I discovered some very sexy bras, knickers, suspender belts and other gear. I decided on the spot that Linda wouldn't miss one pair of pink, see-through panties, so I quickly put them in my pocket. They were absolutely gorgeous.

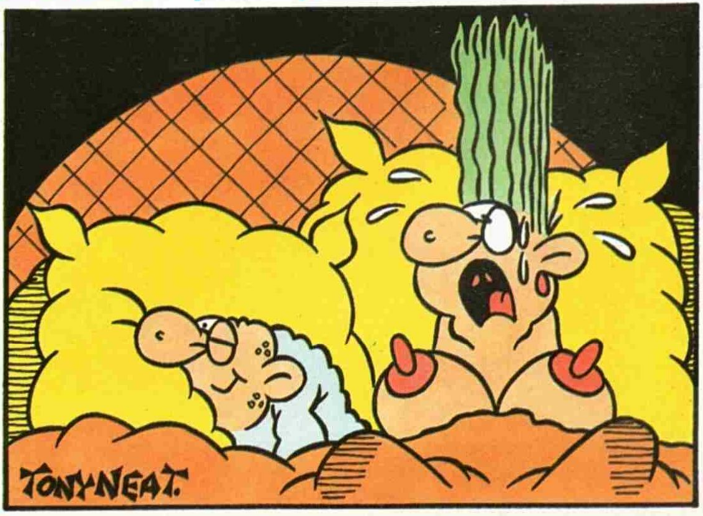
After that, I was besotted with the idea of Linda and her beautiful undies. Every time I pressed the pink panties against my erect knob end and felt that fantastic surge as creamy come spurted through the material of the panties and dripped on to my hands, I was reminded of her.

I decided that if I couldn't have sex with her inviting body, I would have sex with her inviting undies – under the same roof.

I got myself invited round for the weekend, and, feeling confident, wore the pink panties. It is a great sensation to stand next to a woman, talking about something completely different, and be thinking about the fact you are actually wearing, over your twitching knob, a pair of soft, nylon panties which have been stained with love juice from her beautiful pussy.

That night, I went into the bathroom after Linda and Dave had gone to bed. From the airing cupboard, I quietly collected all the panties, bras, suspenders, stockings and French knickers I could find. Then I looked inside the laundry basket in the bathroom. There was a pair of sheer, see-through white panties, heavily stained on the gusset and still warm; they were obviously the panties she had just taken off.

VIBES by Tony Neat



You put my vibrator in the freezer again, didn't you?

READERS WRITES

I returned to the spare bedroom I was staying in and spread everything out on the bed. Her bras were gorgeous (34B) and she had a lovely collection of skimpy panties, mainly see-through at the front and all soft to touch.

I found a suspender belt to match the panties I had taken before. So, as I was still wearing them, I dropped my trousers and put on a pair of Linda's stockings and the matching sussie belt. My cock felt rigid, and I wanted to wank there and then. But I wanted my fuck with Linda's undies to last.

I buried my face in the gusset of her panties. The smell was strong and sweet, the taste even better. I licked at the gusset until my mouth was full of that lovely taste.

I decided to get a small drop of pre-come on to each item, therefore leaving my mark on her undies – the next best thing, I thought, to shooting a load up her pussy.

It was difficult holding back my orgasm, but I find if I stop the wanking action just before I feel the come about to spurt, then just a glistening drop appears on the end of my knob. Sometimes I like to take it on to my finger and taste it.

I carefully rubbed every item of underwear against this lovedrop until every one was stained. Then I had to decide which item to shoot my full load over. I decided the recipient would be a bra cup. The orgasm was long and good, a plentiful supply staining the inside of the cup.

Linda's nipple must have felt quite sore the day she wore the bra, because the dried spunk certainly left a nice, white stain.

Steve, Milton Keynes

Going Undie-ground (2)

I must put pen to paper and tell you of an experience I had just a few hours ago. First of all, however, let me tell you a bit about myself.

I expecially enjoy seeing big women in sexy underwear, and love fucking my wife when she is clad in a sexy negligée or an open-crotch sex suit, etc. What *really* gets me going – if my wife's cunt is sore from you-know-what or it's that time of the month – is to lie next to her with my cock pressed against her backside. I then put my cock between her stocking-clad thighs, and, while she holds me tightly with her legs, I wank myself off while my hands rub at her clitoris and her gorgeous tits.

However, over the past few months, my passion for sexy underwear had become so great, I took to wearing my wife's stockings, suspenders, etc, when she was out. The experience of putting all this gear on made me feel really randy. The feel of soft, silk knickers against my backside and balls nearly made me spunk on the spot. I spoke to my wife about men in ladies' underwear, but she hates the idea – so this has become a thing I do without her knowledge.

What I usually do is choose the garments I am going to wear and slowly, tantalizingly, put them on. I then stand in front of our full-length mirror and look at myself, telling myself how whorish I look.

I then take out Club International and strike up the poses of your gorgeous models, ending usually while looking at Linzi, because she is my fantasy girl.

Anyway, back to the events of today. I had gone through the usual routine of posing and dressing when I decided to go downstairs before my wank and watch some television, which would enhance my excitement. After a while, I sat in a chair by the window and stared outside, thinking I was safely hidden from the rest of the world (we have a large hedge at the back of our garden). So there I was at the window, admiring the view and feeling the soft silk against my backside.

Inevitably – but without thinking – I began to stroke my erect cock which poked out the top of the knickers. It was then that I stopped in my tracks when I saw our neighbour weeding our garden – obviously at my wife's request.

She had stopped, and was simply staring at me. I just froze, not knowing what to do. It got even worse; she walked towards the house and knocked on the door.

I had no option. Quickly slipping on a dressing gown, I opened the back door. Carol stood there grinning (she is 29 and has a fabulous body, with long, dark hair). She asked if she could come in, by which time she was already in the sitting room. I stood sheepishly like a schoolboy who had been sent to the headmaster, waiting for her to say something. But what she did next really surprised me.

She stood in front of me, took off her thick sweater and pulled down her jeans. This left her standing in her bra, tiny knickers and seamed stockings.

'I always wear sexy underwear,' she said. She then walked to me, opened my gown and dropped it to the floor. We stood there, both clad in similar clothes. She then talked about how she loved men in ladies' undies, because it gave her the feeling she was with another woman.

She made me parade in front of her and take up female positions, after which she told me to bend over forward, kneeling on the couch. She crawled under my body and licked and sucked my balls and cock until I came all over her face.

After this I fucked her, with me on top while she felt up the tops of my stockinged legs. Finally, we fucked again – this time both naked. It was the first time I had seen her totally nude, and she really did have a gorgeous body: her breasts were firm, and her cunt tasted superb. What a wonderful woman!

Afterwards, we discussed my feelings. She said it was quite normal, and that it was my way of expressing my need to be dominated.

Wayne, Bradford

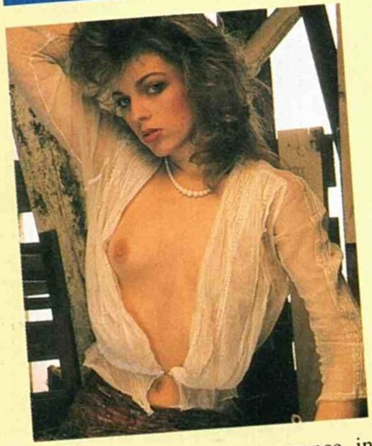
Gi

RACHEL

Nobody at Club likes being in the
studio when beautiful blondes,
naked but for black silk stockings,
suspender belts and high heels, rol
around on the sofa, thighs akimbo
In fact, we all hate it with
vengeance. Because models lik
Rachel, this month's stunning cen
trefold, are one big, painful remin
der of what we're missing in life (o
depending on age, a reminder
how things used to be)! Rachel – f
the benefit of the 13 Club reade
who've yet to abandon this sel
pitying copy for the centrespread
is 26 years of age, and desig
dresses for her boyfriend's Lond
shop in return for 33 per cent of t
action. The fact she's chosen
model for Club is no reflection
the fickleness of the rag tra
however (in fact, her shop's a re
lar success story). Rachel 'did it' a
surprise birthday present for
boyfriend! Interestingly, the
Rachel took to revealing her cha
– like a true professional – says a
about the lady. Charm, poise, c
fidence, and an *aching* sexuality
must bring someone, somewher
lot of pleasure five times a night!
what the jammy so-and-so's go
play with by checking out our
zling centrespread!

l Talk

CHARLEY



This isn't her first appearance in Club. Nor, dare we admit, her second. But if this silly saga about names continues much longer, we swear it'll be her last! Names? *(Gawd, 'ere we go again! Ed.)* Yes. You see, Charley's real name is Alison, but we called her Charley in her first picture set to preserve her anonymity – a 'favour' Mam'selle resented. So, we reverted back to Alison for her second appearance, and guess what happens! Breather calls! There are, it transpires, precious few Alisons listed in the West Wickham directory . . . We suggested she switch to Nigel via deed poll, but the curvaceous 22-year-old was unamused, yet again: 'Listen, d'you want me to drop 'em or not?' Drop 'em? Hell, those flimsy panties that cling to Charley's pussy are so see-thru, there doesn't seem much point! Terribly sexy, as is her French peasant-look cotton voile blouse, just *made* for ripping off in the jolly old hayloft! In fact, abrasive verbals aside, Charley emerges yet again as a highly rumpable young lady, good at what she does for a living simply because she enjoys it. 'Enjoys?' she exclaims, peeling off her panties and fluffing her pubes with a brush. 'I love it!' **Now turn to page 76 and cop a look at Charley's centre parting!**

KIM

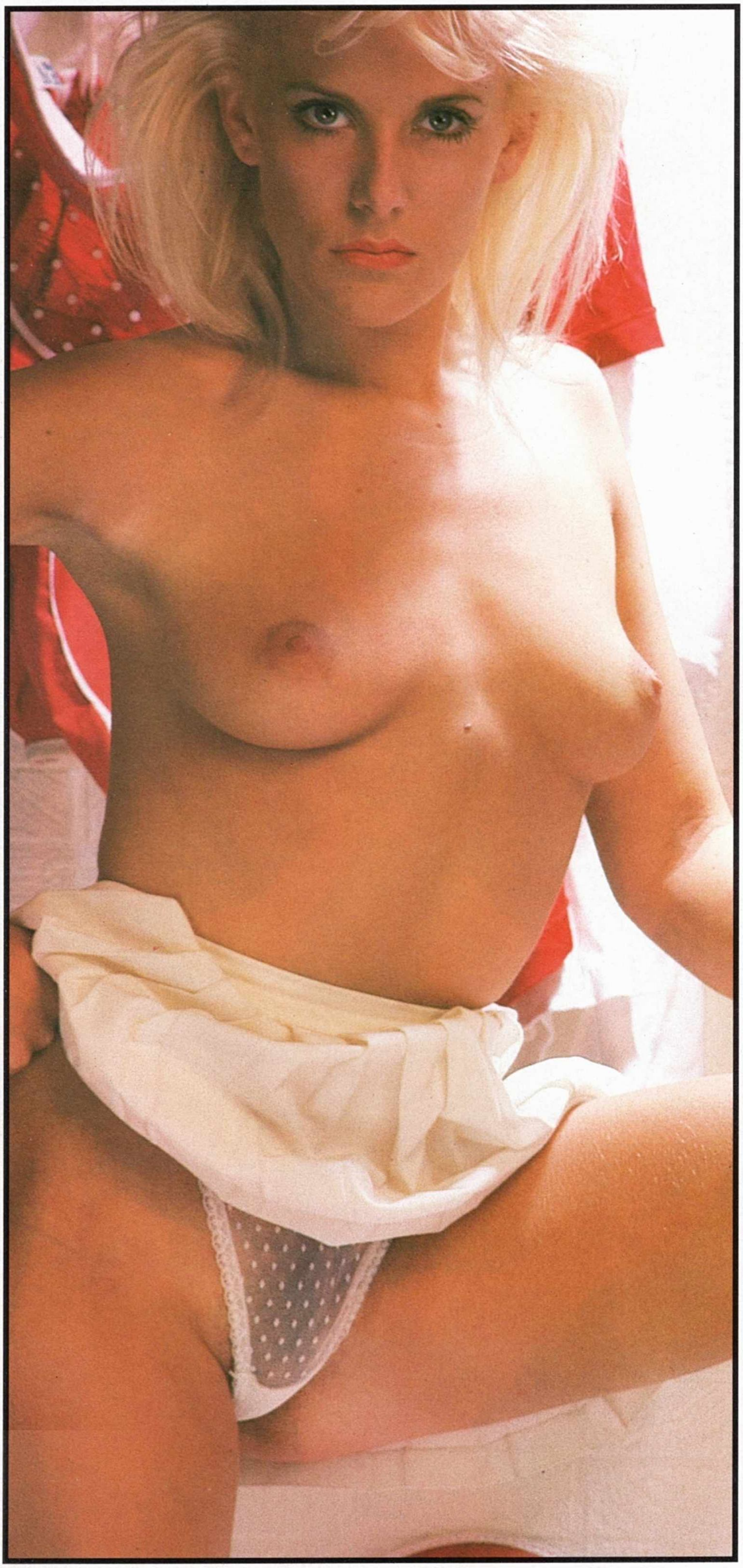
We more than waxed lyrical the first time Kim appeared in Club. We drooled. Our palms twitched. We perspired. We made positive, fumbling fools of ourselves in our slavering, 200-word tirade of fawning flattery. In fact, we quite liked her! Six months later, Kim's looking lovelier than ever, in truly superb condition (true, she's wearing the self-same panties as Charley on page 76, but we'll assume they're not shared!). She works out twice weekly at her local leisure centre with weights and swimming sessions, but Kim feels her fab figure is kept in trim more by the exertion of life in an ad agency than by struggling with bar-bells: 'As long as you duck the liquid lunch syndrome, any sufficiently demanding 9-5 should be enough to keep the lard at bay.' That's as maybe, but 25-year-old Kim is no over-exercised broomstick. Her full, 36-inch boobs sit pleasingly high on her ribcage, and her bottom, most neatly turned, has a very pinchable, smackable look about it. It no doubt feels pretty good, too, but ours is not to get all steamed up when writing girl copy! **Now see if Kim has this same, trouser-destroying effect on you – by turning to page 8.**

ROXANNE

The poseur who poseth questions. Is this the look of the Sexual Future? Would one dare to be seen with her in the hostelries of Old Compton Street? Are her leather panties as ill-fitting as they would appear? You'd think if anyone were a young man's woman, it's Roxanne – which just goes to show how deceptive appearances can be. This super-bright university undergrad by all accounts finds her male contemporaries 'intolerably asinine – both socially and sexually inept', and admits to having 'a bit of a father complex. I lost my virginity to a man of 42, and I've never dated anyone younger than 40.' And, far from 'not daring' to be seen with such a radically-attired lady, it seems the greybeards can't get enough of her kooky style. 'They like taking me to staid dinner parties,' says the lady whose physique could have been dreamed up by an amorous computer, such is its perfection. 'They like to be made to feel young and rebellious once again. And the things they get up to in bed later, well, I couldn't begin to describe. Talk about experience!' **Now experience Roxanne's appeal on page 30.**

Photos by Ian Potter

KIM



Dunlop

LIFE WIT
Lin

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

Can you imagine five permissive young ladies all living under one roof, sharing a two-bedroomed flat? Flat-sharing under those conditions was like living in a Brian Rix comedy farce!

Before I bought my own flat, I used to live in a luxury pad in the poshest part of Kensington, but to afford the exhorbitant rent I had to cram as many in as possible; in my case, five. Actually it was a huge two-bedroomed flat, so it wasn't as bad as all that. We always had the 'bunk-up' bed behind the sofa in the lounge for emergencies!

I shared a bedroom with Janine, a friend from Bristol, whom I've known since I was at primary school. Her elder sister, Tracy, lived in London part-time and when she was in town, she shared the same bedroom. In our room, we had a single and a double bed. Tracy had the single and Janine and I shared the double. If one of us had a fella staying, then we'd switch to the bunk-up bed. You can imagine the confusion if all three of us had guys in tow – one mad rush for the double! By the way, just in case you're wondering; Janine and I are just good friends. It's very difficult to be any other way with someone I've known since I was four years old!

Two 'grand lasses', Janet and Marie from Yorkshire, shared the other bedroom (Marie being Marie Harper – and if you're a man's magazine fanatic, you'll no doubt realize she's also a model regularly exhibiting her wares) and us five girls from the West Country and Yorkshire had one hell of a good time!

It wasn't only men that we picked up at parties, either. One night, at a particularly leary party at a hotel in north London, we found a lovely companion; a blow-up rubber doll who we named Miranda. It was a pool party, so Miranda was floating around in the swimming pool with half-a-dozen or so of her colleagues. Miranda was a redhead – and a redpussy for that matter! She had a wonderful pair of huge, jutting, rubbery tits and real pubic hair, with a sort of pocket for a pussy. A real mankiller was our Miranda.

Black Undies

We nicked her and took her home in a cab. The cabbie didn't want to take us at first, as he thought we were dragging along a drunk friend. As soon as he saw her, though, he changed his mind. I told you she was a turn-on! When we got her home, we dressed her in sexy black undies and left her sitting on an armchair in the corner. She was a really good conversation starter.

Sadly, however, we lost her. Early one evening, we heard a loud rumpus in the street. We looked down from our first-floor window to see dozens of half-pissed rugby supporters en route to the pub. When they spotted us at the window, we couldn't bloody well get rid of them. They wanted us to go down for a chat (likely story), but as none of us fancied it, we let them have the next best thing! Miranda floated down a treat and the lads, all laughing and cheering, ran off with her – never to be seen again!

We checked in the pub later that night. They told us Miranda had been in with a rugby crowd, and they had all left singing rugby songs a few hours later, with Miranda held high in the air like some cup of victory. I bet they had a bloody good gang-bang . . .

We had a few good gang-bangs ourselves, you know. One time was with a bunch of lads from Preston, whom we got quite pally with, when we met them on our roof. The five guys, who were in a rock band, were staying for a month in the house at the back of us, and we met them one afternoon when all five of us were doing a bit of topless sunbathing on our roof terrace.

Photographs by Dave Antony

Well, when I say we *met* them, I glanced up from a lazy afternoon snoozing in the sun, to see five pairs of appreciative eyes ogling five pairs of rather nice tits! One of the guys had really deep-blue piercing eyes, and I was dead chuffed when he came and sat down beside me. His name was Gerry, and he was gorgeous. A couple of the other guys were quiet sweet, but I only had eyes for Gerry. Janine fancied him as well, so I was a bit sick that I already had a date that night, leaving the coast clear for randy old Janine.

Double Bed

My date was a real bore, so I left about midnight and hurried home. Janine and Gerry were already in the double bed when I walked into the bedroom.

'Can you sleep in the other room tonight, because I'm entertaining,' grinned Janine. He didn't appear to be very entertained, though: he was fast asleep!

'Bugger off Janine . . . and move over!' I said, as I stripped off and climbed in.

All this commotion roused Gerry from his deep slumber. God knows what she'd been

doing to the poor boy. However, he seemed to have renewed energy when we all cuddled up together. After a polite little chat about how boring my evening was, Gerry started to play with my tits, so I joined Janine, who already had her greedy little hands on his cock. He had moved down to my pussy by now and was just locating my clit. His expert fingers had me creaming in no time.

Janine was in seventh heaven as well, as his other hand was busily wanking her. A guy who can wank ambidextrously has got to be worth knowing! I was feeling very horny and I really fancied a good fuck, so I straddled him and eased his lovely, stiff cock inside my eager, wet pussy. Janine looked on a little petulantly and continued playing with her pussy as Gerry and I fucked away furiously beside her. He pumped his rigid cock inside me, and just as he was about to come, he took it out and Janine and I both gobbled his hot spunk.

I felt a little tired after that delicious fuck, so I nodded off to sleep. An hour or so later, I awoke to see Janine being

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CHELSEA
3M

mounted by the ever-rampant Gerry. I couldn't help myself – I just had to join in, and we were 'at it' all night.

The next day, when Janine and I were getting into a little bit of dirty girl talk, we discovered the score was three fucks all.

He was a very fair lad, Gerry – he really did know how to share it out nicely. And for the rest of their month in London, my flatmates and I had a whale of a time screwing ourselves silly. Pity the lads went back home to Preston...

Foursome Dates

Marie, one of my other flatmates, used to be a right little bugger (she still is, as a matter of fact!). We often went out on foursome dates, and if Marie got a little the worse for drink, she had this very funny little habit of telling everyone about the epic proportions of my tits. I'm sure they could see for themselves, if they were at all interested. If I didn't at once reveal my tits to all and sundry, she would do it for me by pulling them out over the top of the dress I was wearing. Luckily, I've never been into polo necks!

I think the only time we ever had a row was because I wouldn't get my tits out in an Indian restaurant one night. I finally gave in and sat there scoffing away with both boobs in full view. I think the owner thought it was bad for business,

CHELSEA
SEX TIPS FOR GIRLS

'cos he chucked us all out! So much for my big tits, eh?

The funniest occasion was when we were both on a modelling trip to the Canary Islands. One night we were out in a restaurant with Alan, the photographer. I could tell Marie was feeling a bit mischievous. Just as the waiter was coming to our table to ask us what we'd like for dessert, she grabbed my right nipple and out popped my right tit (which is bigger than the left one, by the way). The Spanish waiter took our order without taking any notice of my bare booby facing straight at him.

Marie was not to be deterred, though, so she started asking the waiter to translate some words into Spanish. After she'd discovered that the Spanish for ice-cream was *helados*, she slapped a huge blob on my nipple and laughed: 'What do you call that then, love?' There was no way he could fail to notice now. He got all excited and called over all the other waiters to help him. They all agreed it was a *TETA*!

Before Marie and I moved into the flat in Kensington, we shared a flat in Clapham with a guy called Don. Don was the only guy I've ever met, who spent most of his evenings ironing his socks and handkerchiefs. In the entire 18 months I lived with him, he only once brought a girl home to stay all night, and he didn't half have a smug grin on his face that night.

He thought Marie and I were such loose ladies (as if?). One of his best wisecracks was: 'You left your radio on all day, but I didn't like to go in to switch it off, because I wasn't sure how many guys you had in there.' Silly bastard. If I had loads of guys in my room, I wouldn't be going out in the first place!

Air Hostess

In the evenings, if Marie and I were lazing about in the lounge in our undies, Don would go all hot under the collar and shoot off to bed – even if it was only 8 o'clock. He did have a girlfriend, though – a rather pretty air hostess, whom he hardly ever got to see because she was always away working in exotic parts (no doubt screwing the ass off the pilot). I'm sure that Don didn't have much luck with her sexually, because one night my boob popped out of my flimsy nightie and Don did his usual funny blushing trick. He didn't run off though, so we started teasing him.

'What do you think of my tits then, Don?' I asked, naughtily.

'Very nice,' he mumbled, trying to be casual.

'How about mine, Don?' chipped in Marie, revealing her lovely tits.

'Great girls, really,' said Don, squirming in his chair.

'What about Laura? I bet she's got a nice big pair?' I teased.

'I don't know, I haven't seen them yet . . .'

Marie and I were flabbergasted: he'd been taking her out for over a year and he'd not even got a look in at her tits. There was no hope for Don!

Mind you, the guy I share a flat with now is quite the reverse – a right ram! He's got plenty of good-looking mates, so I do all right as well! So, boys, that just about wraps it up for another month. Let's hope yours gets wrapped up, too.

Linzi

FOR FRIENDSHIP, LOVE OR MARRIAGE

'Love at first letter...' *Sally and Wally*

Even dedicated 'singles' can't help feeling the tiniest bit envious when they meet Wally and Sally Gomes. Newly married, this effervescent couple never seem to stop laughing and are obviously very much in love. Busy, successful people; he is a teacher, she a shop manager, they had both decided that the time was right to look for a closer relationship, so joined Dateline. 'I was impressed by Dateline — you do the choosing and you can set the rules — that's what appealed to me' says Sally. Sally wrote to everyone on her Dateline list and was impressed by her replies. But Wally's letter she loved. 'There was reams of it. It quite bowled me over. I thought 'the man's a raving lunatic!'' They exchanged three letters before Wally put a phone number at the top of his letter, but Sally made him phone her first! That first phone call lasted nearly two hours. By the time they met, Sally had decided she didn't give a hang what Wally looked like because he was so nice, but in fact she thought he wasn't half bad looking! It was definitely love at first sight, and though neither Sally nor Wally had joined Dateline for marriage, when they met they found that's exactly what they wanted.

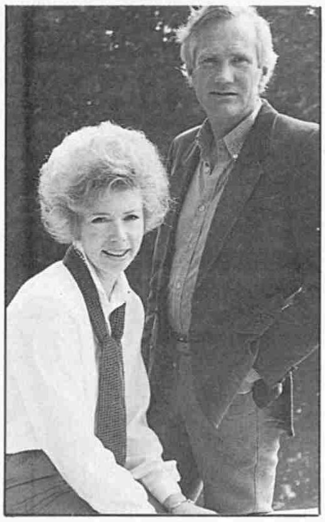
'Time to call in the experts...'

Graham and Alison

26 year old Graham from Cambridge had been an active member of lots of clubs and organisations, but Miss Right was proving very elusive until he joined Dateline and met Alison. 'I thought immediately what a nice girl she was, and as we were talking through the evening, I very quickly realised that our personalities matched quite well, and I knew that I would really like to continue the relationship.' Within the first few weeks they knew they had something special. Graham couldn't believe it! 'I kept telling myself to keep calm about it, and see how things progressed, but I knew she was the one.' A Valentine's Day engagement, six months after they first met, will be followed by a wedding this year. Another love match by the experts!

'You meet such nice people through Dateline'

Maxine and Roger



Maxine Breed was an independent woman with two teenage sons, who had been very successful in rebuilding her life after the break-up of her marriage. 'I am not a quiet, stay-at-home sort of person, I led a very busy life before I joined Dateline, I played various sports, sat on several committees and socialised quite a bit, I had a number of men friends — but they were not romantic links. I started to think about Dateline because I feel if you have been married for any length of time, you do miss having a commitment to another person. I joined Dateline in the hope that I would meet men with a lasting relationship in mind.'

Maxine has recently married Roger Heggs, a landscape designer, who had joined Dateline to 'do something about his lifestyle.' When he inquired he had been impressed with the quality of literature supplied about Dateline and had joined immediately. Maxine was the second person he contacted. 'I thought she was incredibly beautiful, when I opened the door I couldn't believe it!' Roger proposed several times to Maxine before she finally agreed to marry him. 'Maxine wanted to wait three years, but in the end she compromised on two. I couldn't believe my ears when she finally said yes!'

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Dateline

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I am 80 years of age, and my dearest wish before I go would be to have one last fling with a pretty young thing like you.

While I was wining and dining you, I'd maybe let my hand slide over your thigh under the table. Then, when we were alone, I would undress you – my hands travelling over your body from your bum to your thighs to your breasts. I would smother you with kisses, and you would gently push your bottom into my face.

I would kiss you passionately on the lips then sit back as you knelt before me to draw down my trousers. You would lick my balls until my penis was erect, then sink your mouth down over my ancient cock, withdrawing only to lick the very tip with your tongue.

You would rub your breasts over my bald head and over my face, until a nipple entered my mouth. I would make love to you with all the experience of 50 happy years. It would be bliss to lie between your thighs, or to lie back and have your venus sink down over my old John Thomas. How I would just *love* to kiss your fanny while your thighs closed around my head, or just to have you place my hands on your breasts or bottom. Ah, well . . .

Finally, two questions: would you have any qualms about indulging me in this way? And what was the oldest cock you've ever had in your mouth or cunt?

Arthur, Berkshire

Well, Arthur, that's a hard one (pun well and truly intended . . .). I would have no qualms about making love in the delightful way you suggest, but, as to the second question, I really had to think long and hard about that one. And, after great consideration, I guess the oldest guy I've fucked and sucked must be a mere lad of only 50! You certainly are a game old boy, Arthur.

Dear Linzi,
I love to dress up before having it off. My girlfriend waits for me to return from my squash club with all my sweaty used gear, and then we change various items of clothing. She has bought me a mini underskirt and a pair of French knickers, together with a couple of pairs of thicker quality tights to cover my hairy legs.

She strips off and puts on my sweaty sports shirt, and then she dons my also very wet jock strap. By now, she tells me she is feeling very wet herself, and also very horny.

After I strip, I put on the tights, underskirt and knickers, which can't conceal a raging hard-on. The feel of the nylon tights on my circumcised tool keeps my erection really hard, and Carol says that seeing me standing there with a massive lump sticking out in front of me really gets her hot.

She comes over to me, and we gently caress each other. She eases up my underskirt and gently pulls down my knickers, then pulls my tights down to just under my balls. I then hold my prick carefully, and ease it under the two back straps at the rear of her jock strap and push it carefully home. By now, we are both sweating heavily, and this, coupled with our gentle fucking, can last for all of two hours.

Before I ejaculate properly, she eases herself off my member and pulls up my tights. She says it gives her an instant orgasm to wank me off inside the tights and watch me come. She then proceeds to lick me clean. There really is nowt like it.

Andrew, Liverpool

Nice to hear that you and your lady are having such fun, Andrew. I must admit to never having tried it, as I think I would be getting giggly instead of horny. But maybe I should have a go at finding some willing guy?

Dear Linzi,
I know there isn't much need for a woman like you to masturbate, but I've discovered a great way for my girlfriend to bring herself off, and I thought you'd like to hear about it.

First of all, I get Shelley to dress up in stockings, suspenders and her really tight silk panties. I tease her by making her watch as I slowly wank over her. I don't let her touch me, but I touch her where she will feel it the most.

Then I fetch my shaver, and take the top off the part which comes into contact with the face. Inside, there's a long thing about an inch-and-a-half in length, which actually does the cutting by vibrating from side to side. Used right, it makes a great vibrator.

I turn the shaver on, slowly peeling her stockings off and rubbing it up the inside of her legs, over the bulge in her pants – very wet by now – and push down around her clit, very gently and slowly. The fact that this thing vibrates like nobody's business means it doesn't take long for Shelley to orgasm. If you try this out, Linzi, I'd like to hear the results.

Finally, I'd also like to know what sizes the biggest and the smallest cocks are that you've ever taken. I know my six inches would hardly give you any trouble, but how much trouble is it for a woman to take a big cock?

Name and address withheld

Well, name and address withheld, the biggest willy I've ever enjoyed was ten inches long, and it certainly took some getting used to. But once you are used to the big 'uns, the little tiddlers don't ever seem the same, and I've had some two- or three-inch willys in among the whoppers. They say it's quality not quantity, but I'm not so sure!

As for your shaver vibrator, I know some girls who buy them solely for the use you write about, so you're certainly not alone in your 'buzzy' activities . . .!

Dear Linzi,
I've been reading Club International for a few months now, and my two friends also read it. We have never seen any girl as lovely as you.

We are all black 20-year-olds, and would love to fuck you senseless – but we don't think you could last the pace with us. It would last all night.

At the moment, I'm fucking the arse off a woman of 38 years old; she can't get enough of my big, black cock. I met Claudia a year ago – she has 42-inch tits and a big, hairy pussy. The first fuck I had with her was in a field, but, since then, I've also fucked her in a sauna bath; it was amazing. I went down on her and sucked her clit, then I shoved my big, black cock up her in the doggy position.

Have you ever fucked in a sauna, Linzi?

Errol, Carl and Julian, Southend

As it happens, Errol, I haven't – although the way you talk about it, it sounds delicious. Actually, I'm not too keen on the stifling heat in saunas, but I'm always open to persuasion. As for being able to last the pace, I think you guys would be in for a bit of a surprise . . .

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

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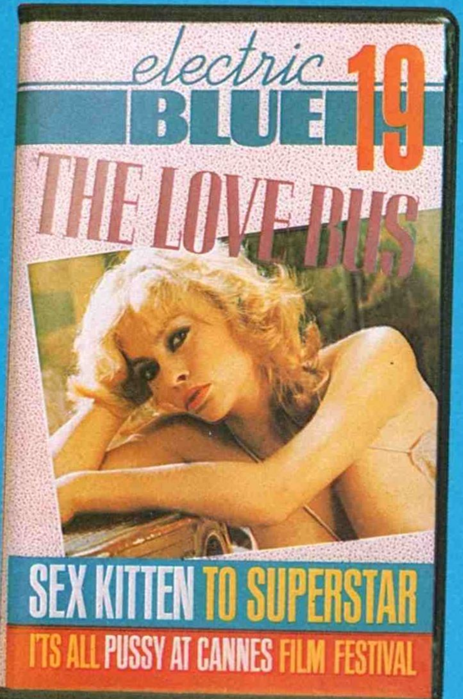
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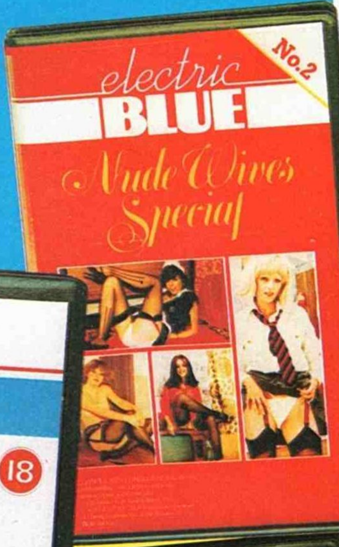
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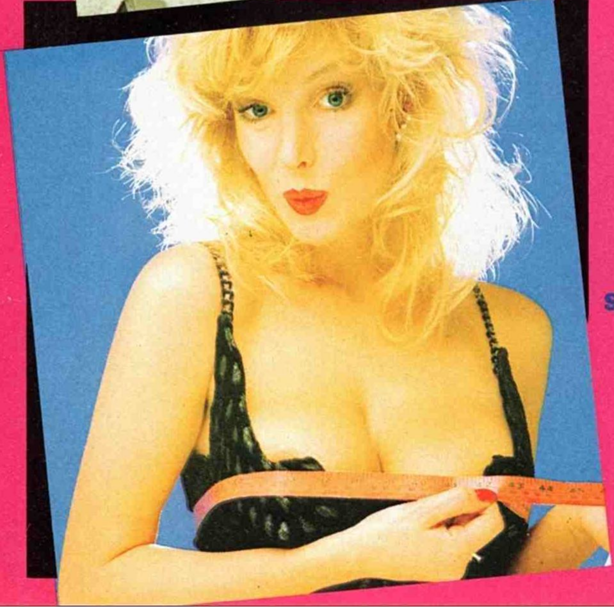

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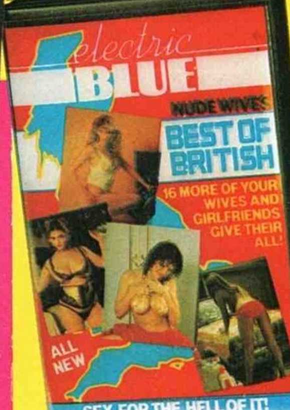
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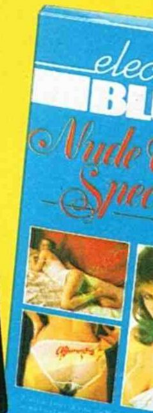

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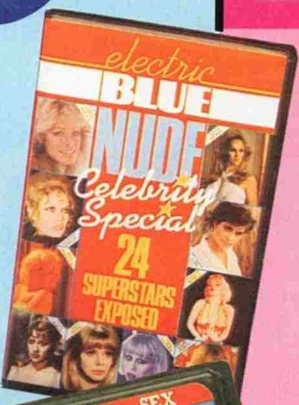
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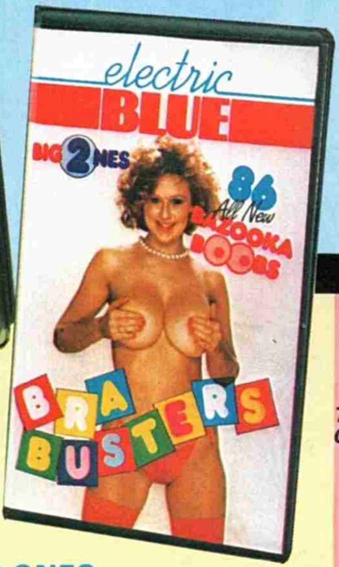
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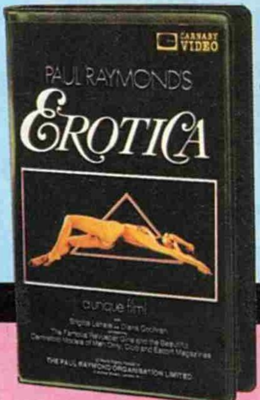
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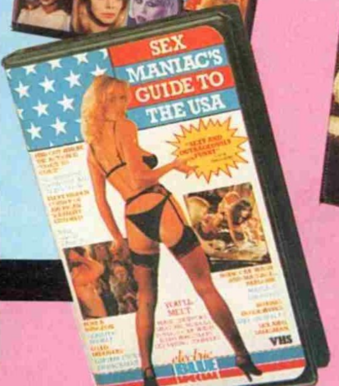
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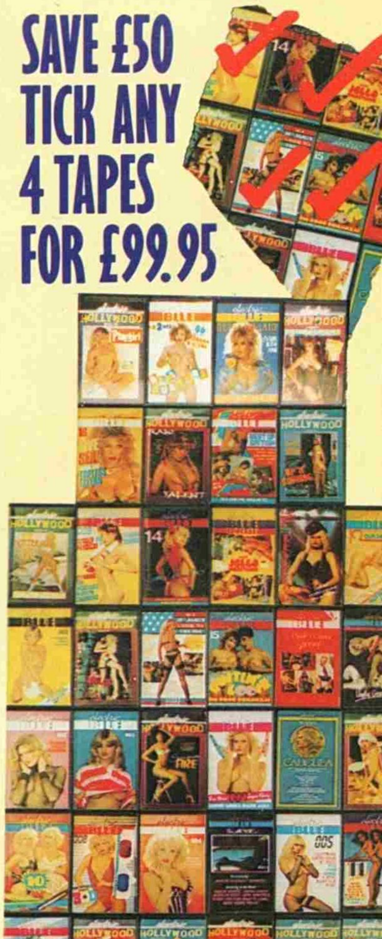

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Paul Cemmick

HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Every Sloane enjoys a jape. This particular morning, Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte and the boys, having taken a day out from the rigours of the City to hook the first of the season's trout on the Hampshire Itchen, have been let down by Chalkie's temperamental Range Rover, and turn to the Admiral Cod to drown their sorrows. They can scarcely conceal their glee when, who should enter the lounge bar, unaccompanied, but Henrietta Eaton-Squire. Chalkie sidles up to her, snakelike.

'I say, Henrietta, what would you say to a little fuck?'

Chalkie's pals snigger dementedly into their halves of Director's, but our resident Sloaness is unfazed.

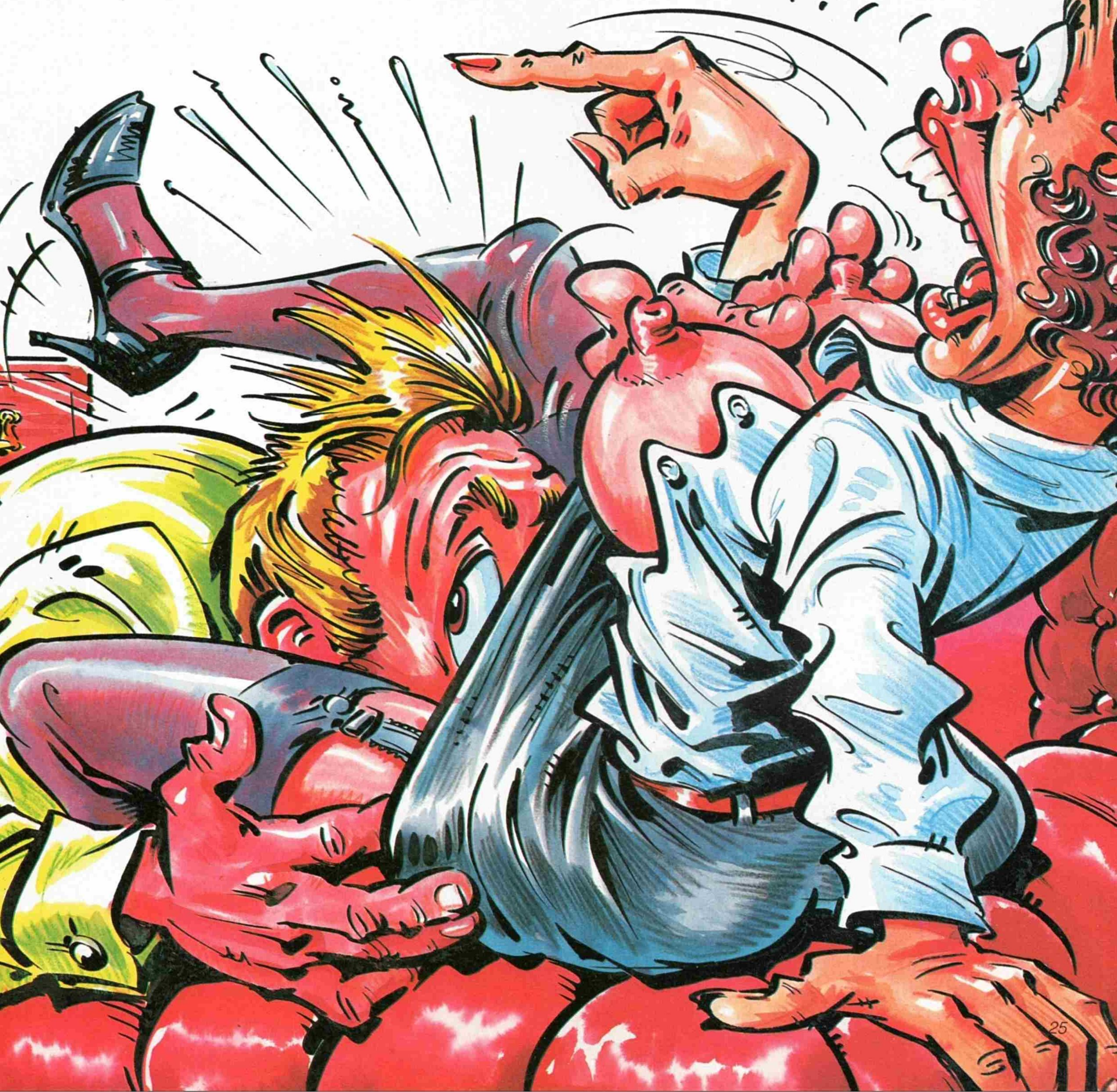
'What would I say?' says the haughty lady, disdainfully, removing her headscarf and squirting soda into her white wine. 'I'd say "Hello, little fuck", of course. Oh, really! That's the third time I've been asked that in the last hour. By the way, your flies are undone.'

Yes, it's April Fool's Day. Charles Eaton-Squire, a regular butt of jokes practical and impractical, awakes to find a message from his broker on his answerphone:

'Charles, Old Boy! Isaac Soames has got the receivers in and he wants to unload his GEC shares on the hurry-up at 20p. Dial the following number and you can deal direct. Just put me down for the obligatory 5% and a case of Latour '62 and it's yours for the taking.'

Charles' pulse quickens at the news and he hurriedly stabs out the number on the kitchen extension: 'GEC shares? I'm sorry, Sir, you must have the wrong number. This is the West London V.D. Clinic.'

Charles curses, picks up *The Times* from the doormat, and pours himself a coffee from the perc – to discover the financial section has been neatly incised and his coffee is a tepid mixture



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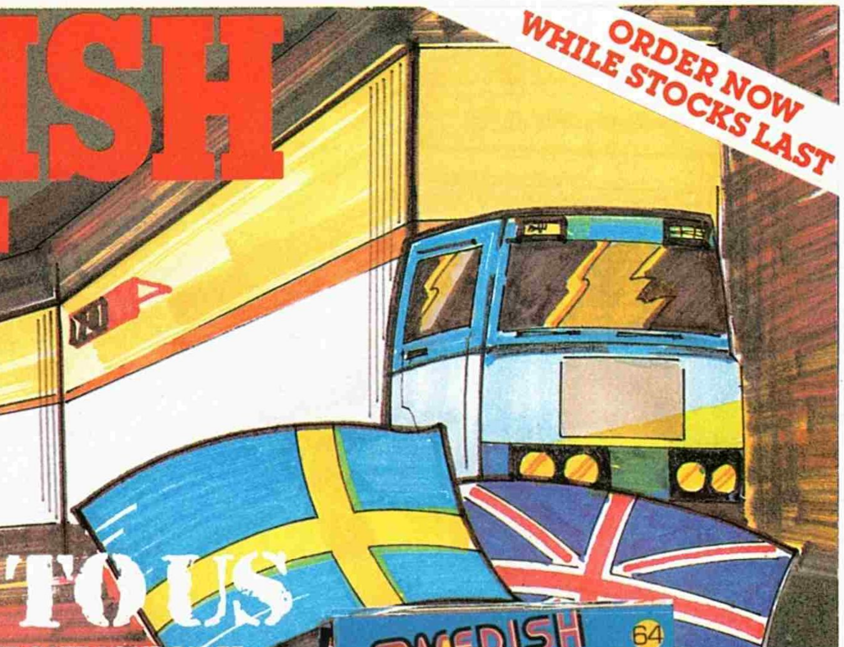

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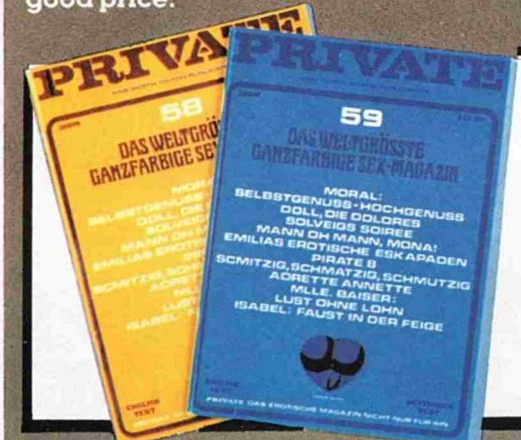
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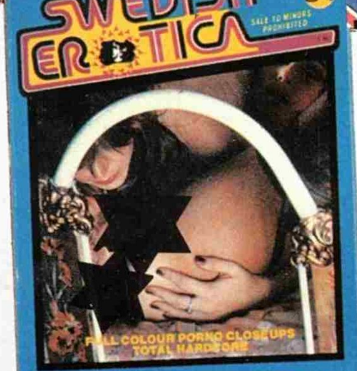
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of Bisto, brown ale, and Farley's Cough Syrup.

'Oh, ha-fucking-ha! Bitch! Bastard!'

Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte, meanwhile, smarting from the humiliation of a publicly-failed piece of April foolery, determines to reaffirm his wit in the eyes of his colleagues – by exposing himself to the curvaceous, legendarily-oversexed Henrietta Eaton-Squire.

Screwing Around

'Here,' he says, waving his thingy around to catch Henrietta's attention. 'What do you think of this, then?'

'Mmmm,' says Henrietta, contemplatively – and completely unruffled. 'It looks like a cock, only smaller.'

To howls of derision and cries of 'Oh, well said, that lady!', a hapless, red-faced Featherstonhaugh-Whyte storms out of the bar, and a triumphant Mrs Eaton-Squire is toasted in Bollinger.

Nobody's fool, our Henrietta, especially considering she has been screwing around behind Charles' back for the past ten years without detection. International tennis stars, property men, yachtsmen, rugger full-backs, huntsmen and, on one memorable occasion, the entire Chilean national polo team, have played host to this 35-year-old Supersloane's nymphomania in the last year alone. Yet still she finds time to shop at Peter Jones, tell Cook what to prepare for dinner, go to the hairdresser's once a week . . . and jog. Indeed, Mrs Eaton-Squire has been jogging a heck of a lot just lately, her unfettered boobs bobbing up and down inside her designer tracksuit with such regularity, she suffers from perpetually sore nipples.

Charles, poor naïve soul, puts his feet up, slams his favourite racing video into the slot, tops his and Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff's tumblers up with Remy, and marvels at his young(er) wife's sudden bout of athleticism:

'God, the things that woman does to stay in trim!' he boasts, blowing cigar smoke ceilingwards. 'Just so that she looks her best when rogering time comes around! I tell you, Bunny, she's one heckuva girl. Mahvluss!'

Bunny puffs on his Upmann and privately recalls the time he opened the lavvy door at Dick's T-Bar in Val D'Isere to catch said lady squatting on the bog with her skirt up to here, her ski instructor's gristly throbber half way down her throat and his fingers up her . . .

'Oh, mahvluss, absolutely,' Bunny concurs, struggling to shake the obscene imagery from his mind. 'No job too big for her to handle, I wouldn't fancy. Got a good woman there, feller-me-lad.'

> Her unfettered boobs bob up and down inside her track suit with such regularity, she suffers from perpetually sore nipples . . .

Magnetic Effect

Now, if Henrietta's sudden and untypical devotion to matters athletic doesn't strike her husband as odd, it has certainly succeeded in arousing the curiosity of Miranda Blashford-Smith, a contemporary of Henrietta's and something of a family friend – though inordinately jealous of Hen's 38-inch tits, tight bottom, and seemingly magnetic effect on men. While not as successful at attracting stiff cocks as her old school chum, Miranda is very 'comfortable', having acquired the penthouse apartment in nearby Alresford Towers by way of a divorce settlement. Alresford Towers, it should be explained, dominates the whole of S.W.3, and from her eagle's nest the sexually frustrated, couture-gowned Miranda is afforded a bird's-eye view of Henrietta's jogging route, starting at Cliveden Place, turning right into Sloane St, left into Pont St and right into Burridge Walk, where she is invariably met at the door of No. 48 by a gentleman in a maroon dressing gown. Thirty minutes later, on average, she leaves ('no doubt breathless, the cow') and jogs the 400-odd yards home.

'Poor Charles,' sighs Miranda, clutching her binoculars with one hand and frantically frigging herself with her other as she focuses on the little mews house and tries to imagine what tawdry secrets its roof conceals. The handsome divorcee rubs herself to yet another woefully unsatisfactory climax:

'I really think it's high time I intervened in this little affair . . .'

Leather Bottom

The following evening, only seconds after Henrietta has set out on her customary jog, a rather heavily made-up Miranda Blashford-Smith rings the front doorbell of the Eaton-Squires' wisteria-clad des. res.

'Charles, you poor Dear, I've got terrible news!'

Charles, perplexed, doesn't recall ever having seen his wife's old schoolfriend looking so damned fetching. A (highly un-Sloane) black leather skirt flatters her flanks, and the thick black seams running down her shapely calves scream 'stockings!' Charles follows her wiggly, black leather bottom into the living room.

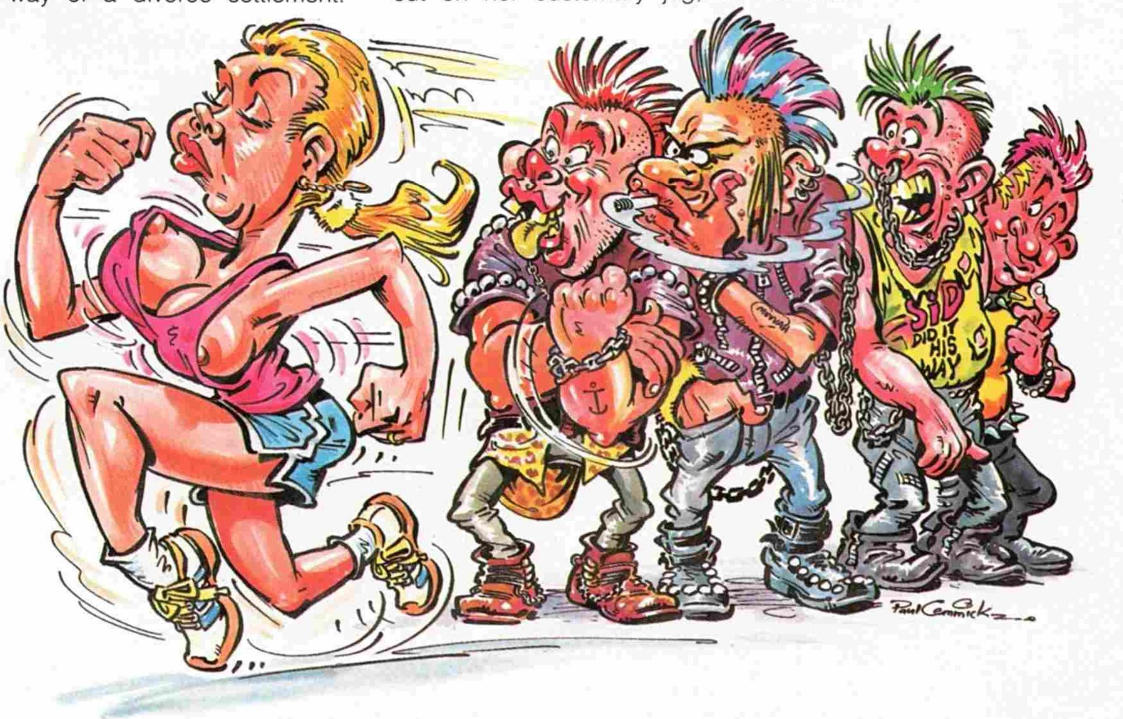
'My God, Charles! If only you knew what I can see from my kitchen window!'

Miranda straddles the padded arm of the leather Chesterfield with all the confidence of Lucinda Prior-Palmer astride an old favourite at Burghley. Ms Prior-Palmer, however, is not given to three-day eventing attired in short black leather skirts and Christian Dior black silk stockings.

'Let's see now,' says Charles, mockingly stroking his chin. 'Pigeons screwing? Pissing shih-tzus? Parking spaces? What ARE you on about, old girl? I say, join me in a G-and-T, won't you?'

'Awfully kind of you, Charles,' says Miranda, reminded of her pantielessness by the sensual kiss of supple wax hide on her silky-smooth inner thighs.

'To come straight to the point, Charles, it's about Henrietta's jogging excursions. Frankly, I think you should do something about it.'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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

'I know what you mean,' says Charles, catching Miranda's skirt hem riding all of four inches above the knee from the corner of his eye as he wrestles with an obstinate tonic bottle. 'I'm scared witless she's going to get run over or gang-banged by those wretched Mohicans who hang around Sloane Square.'

Tell-tale Hairs

Miranda grows impatient with Charles' persistent naïveté. Added to which, she finds him irresistably attractive in his new Pope & Bradley three-piece, and would like nothing more than to be vigorously fucked by him – preferably within the sacred confines of his and Henrietta's boudoir. Think of the tell-tale brunette hairs! Think of the *stains*! That'd be one up that bitch's arse!

Charles is not renowned for mixing a weak gin and tonic, which goes straight to Miranda's head. She decides to take the plunge.

'Listen, Charles, if I were to tell you Henrietta was having an affair, would you turn to me for comfort? I've always secretly fancied you, Charles, and I'm sure you'd find me very, er, *good*. That way, everybody could screw everybody, and nobody would come off any the worse – as it were.'

Miranda brazenly lifts the folds of soft, black leather to reveal her stocking-tops, along with her thick black bush of pubic hair. Something ugly stirs in the crotch of Charles' cavalry twills as his Waterford crystal tumbler shatters on the parquet floor.

Drainpipe

'Affair? With whom, dammit! And since when have you taken to visiting married men with your panties in your handbag?'

'No. 48 Burridge Walk, Charles,' says Miranda coolly, moistening her index finger and ploughing a furrow through her pubic bush, alighting on her swollen clitoris. 'In and out like a rat up a drainpipe, each and every time she goes "jogging". I swear it, Charles. As sure as I've got the hots for your thingy, I swear it!'

'48 Burridge Walk, you say? Ye Gods, that means she's having it off with Cecil, her dressmaker! I didn't know the old fairy had it in him!'

By the time the ghastly truth has dawned on Miranda Blashford-Smith, Charles has dropped to his knees and has wedged his bristly chin firmly between her white, marble-smooth thighs.

'Oh my God, I'm sorry Charles! Forgive me, please. I'm terribly, terribly –'

'Schlpf!'

'Pig! God, you're disgusting! To think I've known you and Henny all these years and the only way you see fit to repay my kindness is to –'

'Schlpf!'

'Is to put your tongue up my widge! Oh my God, it's so good! Oh Charles, don't stop! God, I'm so wet, so, so, so –'

'CHARLES! Come out of there this minute!'

Something ugly stirs in the crotch of Charles' cavalry twills as his Waterford crystal tumbler shatters on the parquet floor . . .

The recognition of Henrietta's strident tone freezes Charles' tongue rigid with fear in mid . . . prod. In a classic ostrich-in-the-desert routine, Miranda drapes her skirt around his head and pretends he isn't there.

'Charles? Oh! He's looking for his keys.'

'I say, Charles, old man! Can I fetch you a torch?'

Tonight of all nights, Henrietta has jogged home via the Admiral Cod and invited a few friends back for drinkies. They've mostly had a good few drinkies already, but a chance to get stuck into Charles' legendary cellar of single malts and vintage Armagnacs is too good to be passed up. Trigger Rogers, Good Old Bunty Forshaw, Benjy and Isaac Soames, Johnny the accountant and Sophie Carter-Jones (Henrietta's bosom buddy) all file into the lounge and gawk with varying degrees of curiosity at the strange, shrouded figure at Miranda Blashford-Smith's feet, while Cecil the limpwristed dressmaker frantically dabs his forehead with an eau de Cologne-impregnated silk handkerchief and calls for gin.

Henrietta Eaton-Squire was never one to be upstaged, particularly in her own home.

'Trigger!' she barks, glaring at the insufferably smug Miranda Blashford-Smith. 'Unfasten me at the back!'

'Waw-haw-haw! Splendid stuff!' booms Good Old Bunty Forshaw, treading on Monty the labrador's ear and putting a foot clean through the glass-topped coffee table on his way to the wine cellar. 'Should have brought me toga, what! Ha! Bring on the donkey and the Arab gels, that's what I say!'

Feigned Protest

By the time the red-nosed sot has emerged triumphant from the cellar, wielding a case, no less, of Hine Antique, Henrietta is down to bra and panties, positioning herself for rear entry coitus over the back of the Chesterfield.

'Gawd, how exciting! An *awgee*!' squeals Sophie Carter-Jones, looking around for a likely partner, only to be grabbed from behind by Johnny the accountant and wrestled to the floor, screaming and wriggling in feigned protest as her dress is ripped open and her breasts spill out on to £2500 worth of Persian silk prayer rug, c.1782.

'Glug,' goes Good Old Bunty Forshaw as he knocks back a coffee mug of cognac, and 'Fug off, bashtard animal,' as Monty the labrador struggles to copulate with his right knee. Meanwhile Cecil and the newly-bankrupt Isaac Soames slope off to the upstairs lavvy to re-evoke their days at Harrow, while Benjy Soames, best man at Charles and Henrietta's wedding, lowers Miranda Blashford-Smith's shoulder straps, grabs her tits, unzips his fly, and avails himself of her heavily-lipsticked mouth.

Charles peeks from under Miranda's skirt, surveys the Sodom and Gomorrah that is his living room, and tries to tell himself it isn't really happening.

'Know something, Charles?' says Benjy Soames, looking down at our hapless host with Ms Blashford-Smith now sucking on his thingy.

Blue-Veined

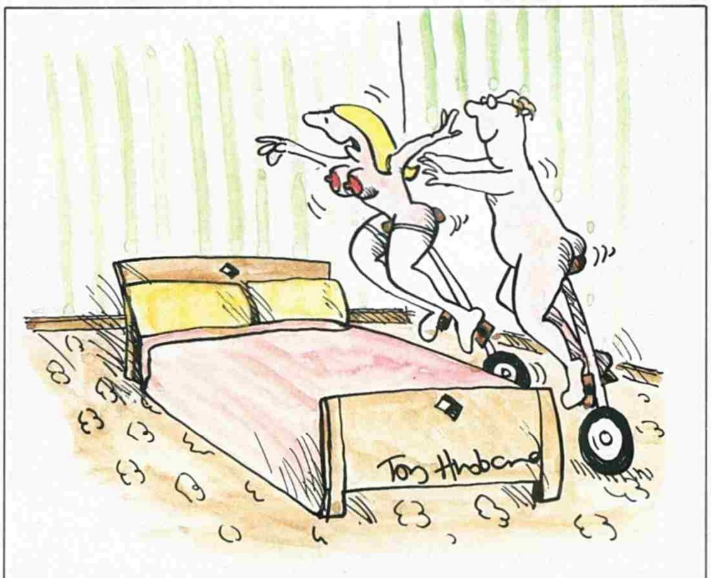
'The working classes may have their Trade Unions, the noovos their Rolls-Royces, the upper echelons their coronets and death duties, but we, Charles, we've got that certain *je ne sais quoi*.'

Charles winces at the sight of his chum's blue-veined monstrosity and disappears yet again into the scented gloom of Miranda's skirt.

'It's perfectly true,' says Miranda, pausing for a well-earned breather. 'You're *never* alone with a Sloane.'

Suddenly, you could hear a pin drop. The spotty, snotty, swotty face of Little Jeremy appears on the balcony.

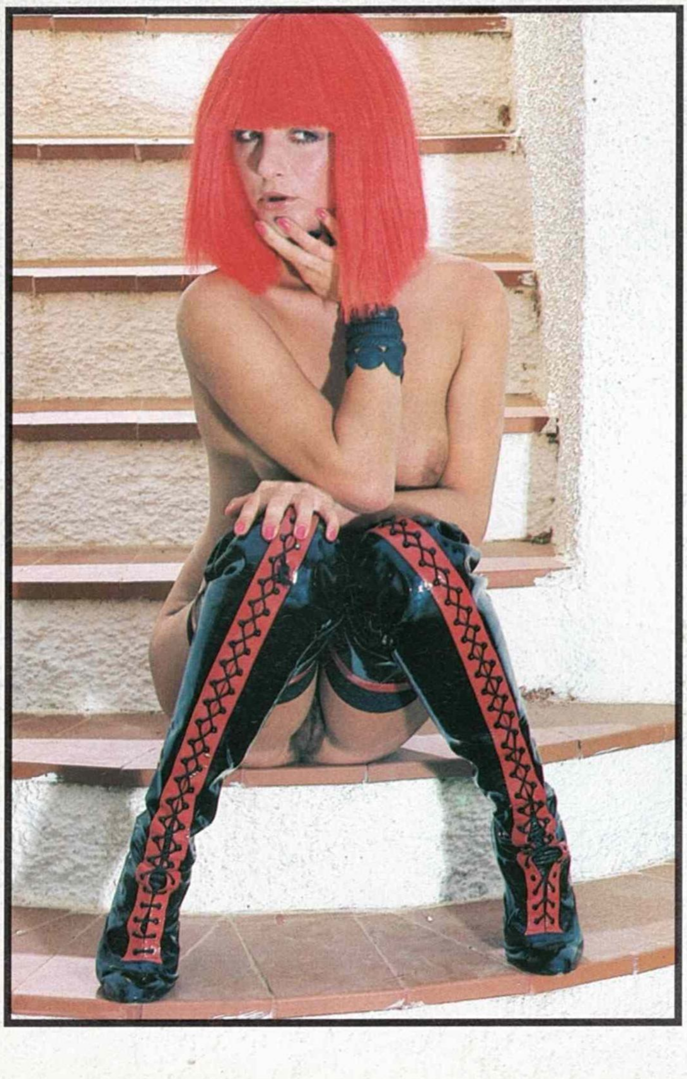
'Father? What's the square root of 19?'



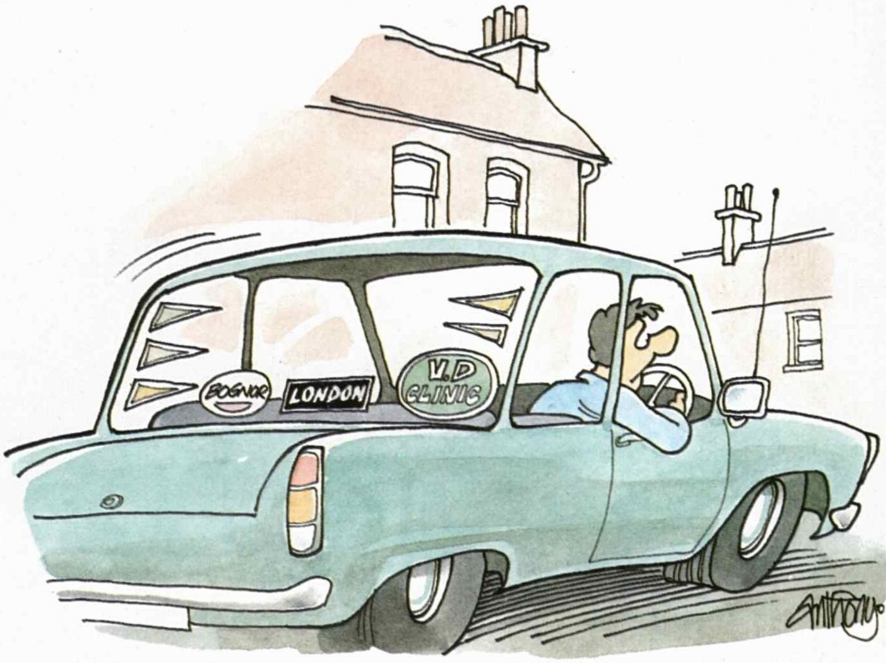
Morris, to tell you the truth, I much prefer straight sex

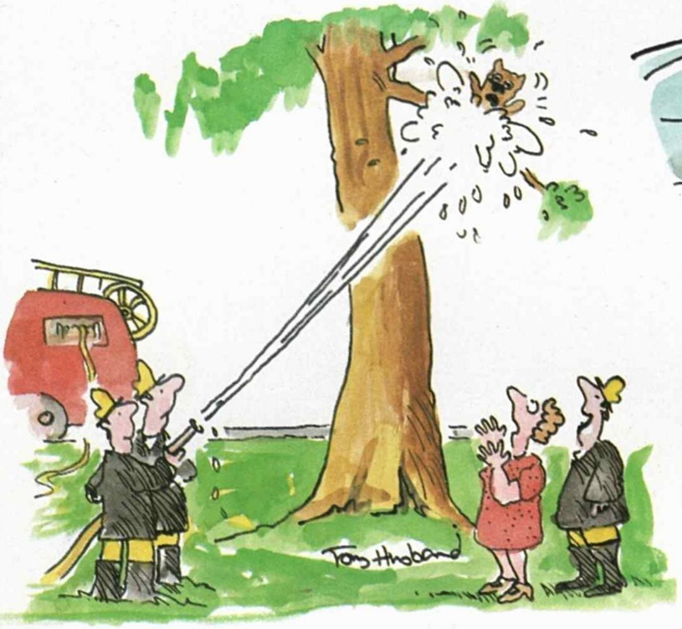
ROXANNE

Photographs by Serge Jacques

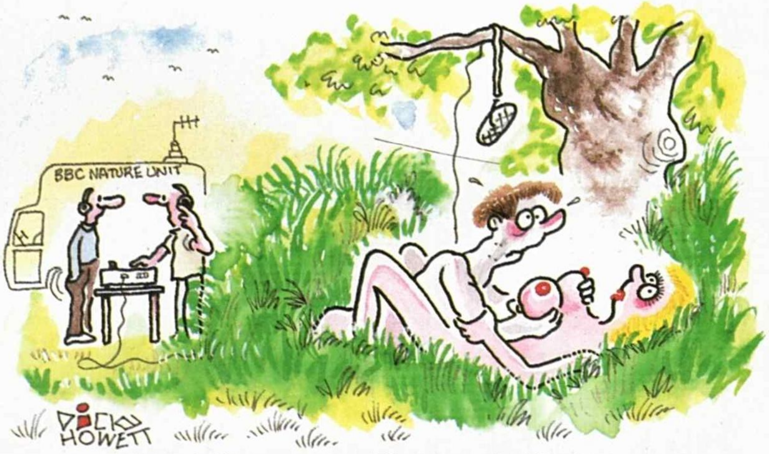


SKETCH CLUB

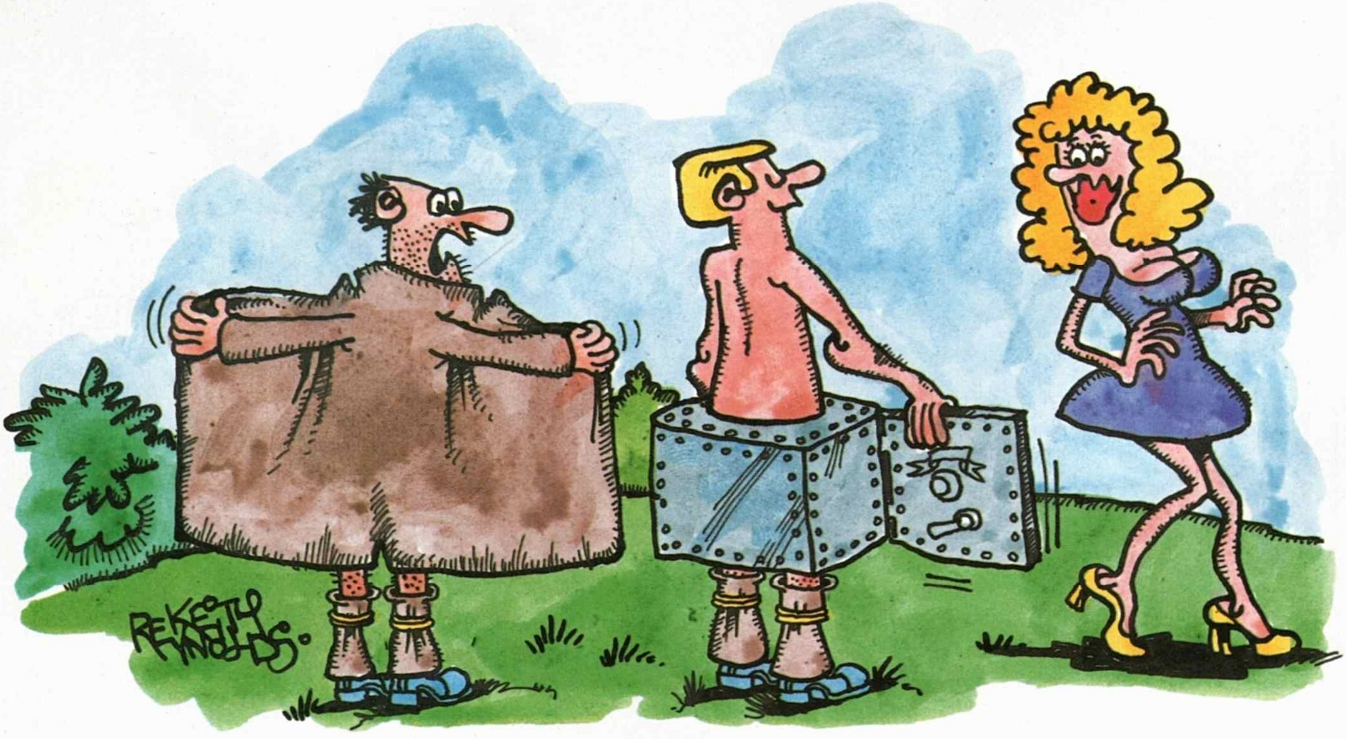

BOGNOR
LONDON
V.D CLINIC



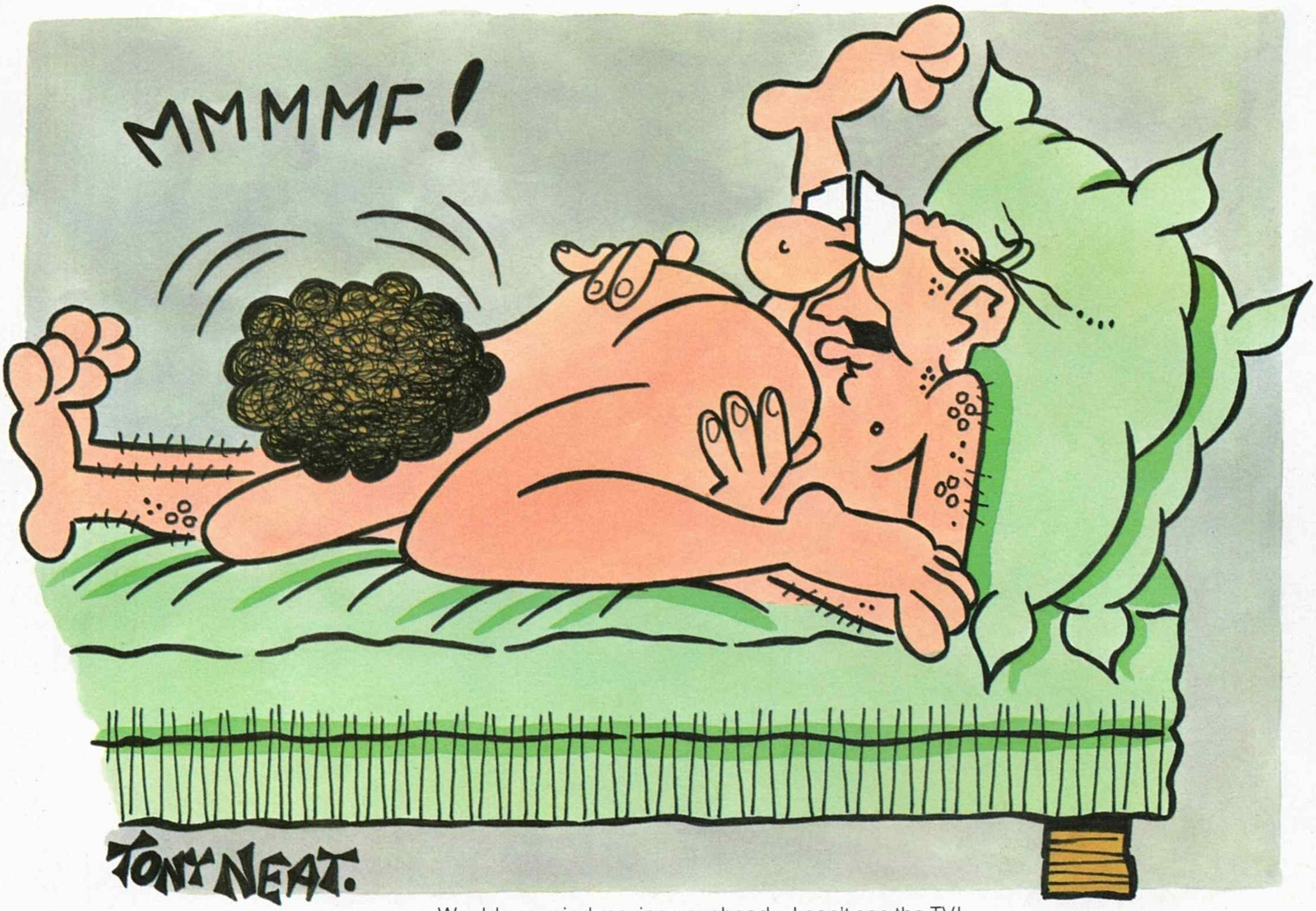
There you go, m'am, one stuck cat unstuck


BBC NATURE UNIT
DICKY HOWETT

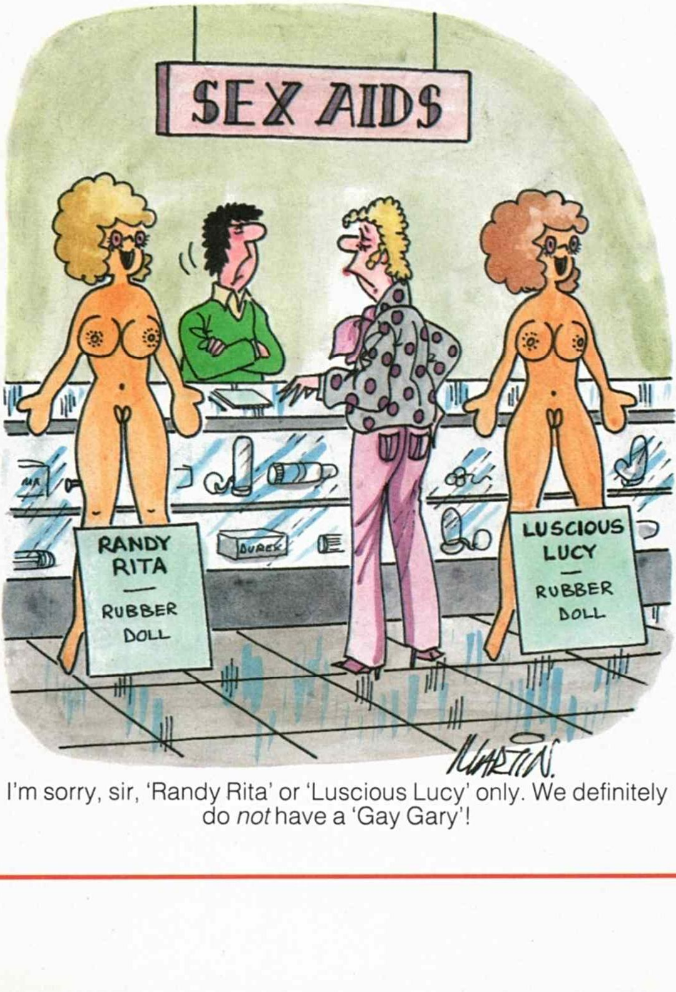
Sounds like a couple of Great-crested Tits!



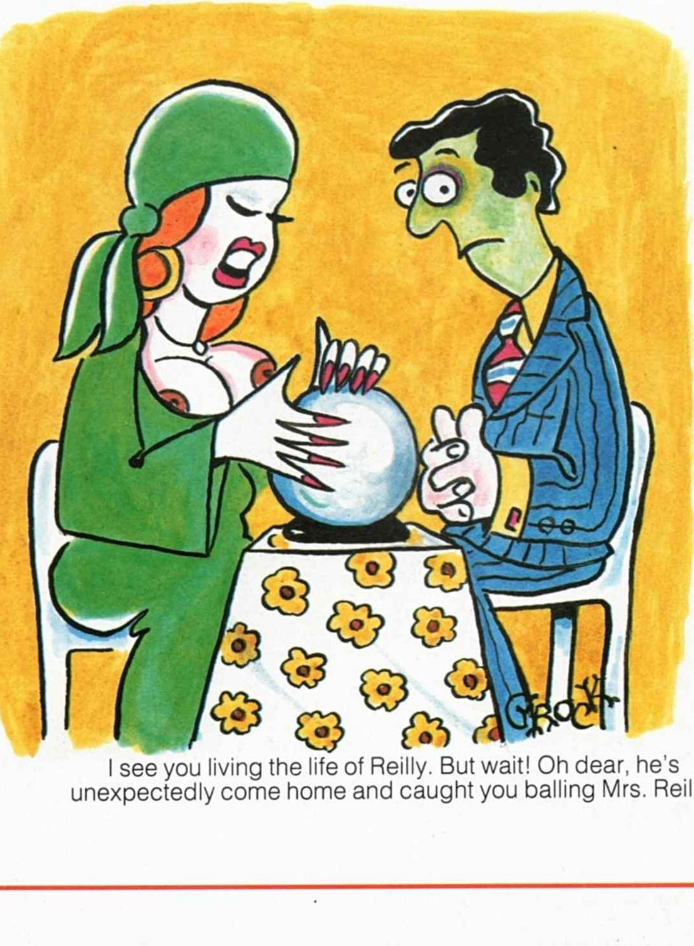
You're a conceited bastard, Maurice!


MMMMF!
TONY NEAT.

Would you mind moving your head – I can't see the TV!

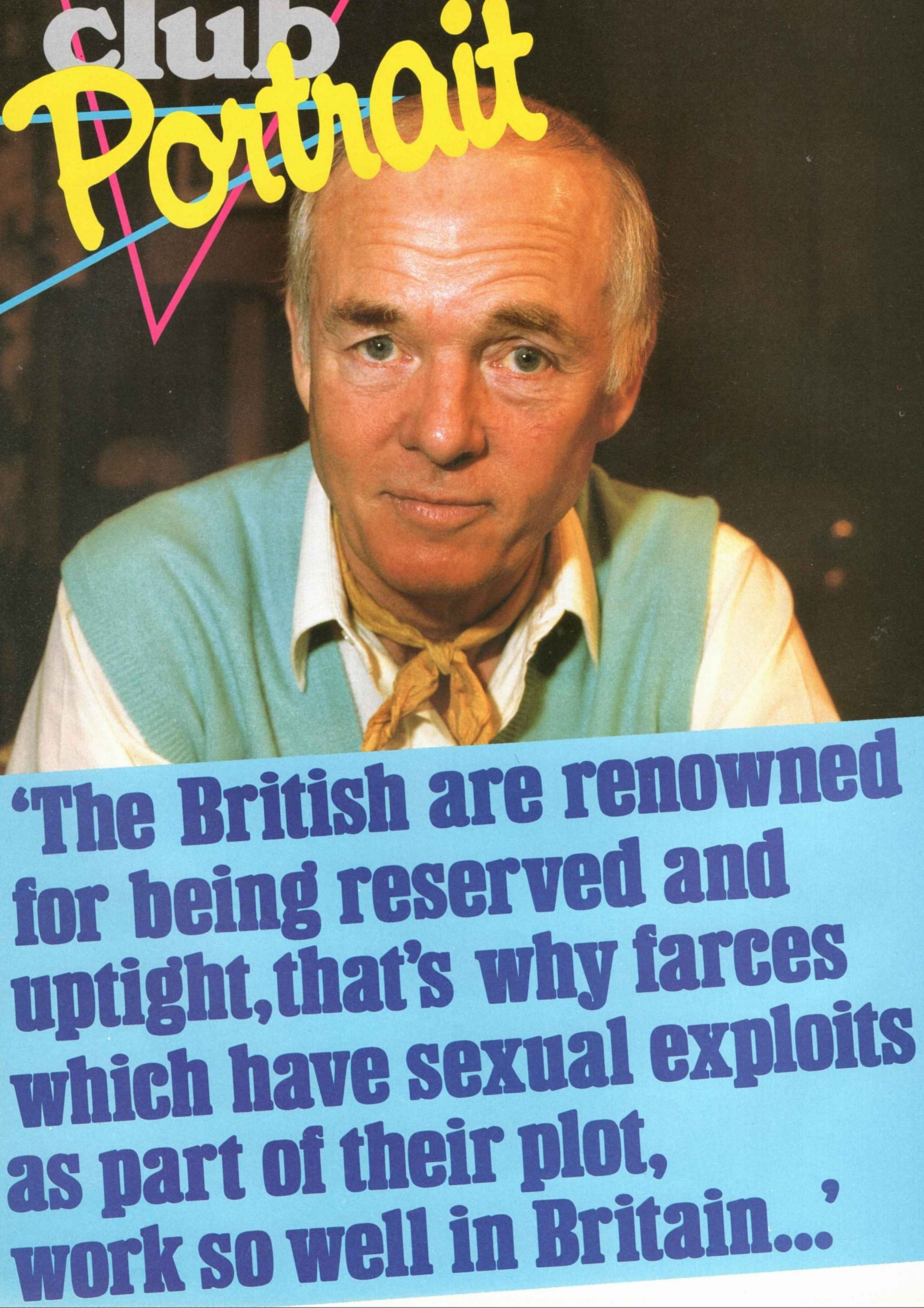

SEX AIDS
DUREX
RANDY RITA
RUBBER DOLL
LUSCIOUS LUCY
RUBBER DOLL
MARTIN.

I'm sorry, sir, 'Randy Rita' or 'Luscious Lucy' only. We definitely do *not* have a 'Gay Gary'!



I see you living the life of Reilly. But wait! Oh dear, he's unexpectedly come home and caught you balling Mrs. Reilly.

club Portrait



‘The British are renowned for being reserved and uptight, that’s why farces which have sexual exploits as part of their plot, work so well in Britain…’

Nicholas Whittaker talks to Ray Cooney

The lover in the wardrobe, the mistress under the bed, the trouserless man and the incriminating lingerie . . . all stock ingredients of farce Anglo-Saxon style. Those of you who saw Brian Rix and the Whitehall farces will remember the endless belly laughs as the hapless bumbler and his cohorts grappled with the Fates, lost their trousers and always ran into trouble – whichever of the numerous doors they made their entrance from.

Ray Cooney was a young actor in those days with Brian Rix's troupe at the Whitehall Theatre, a venue where farce reigned supreme and packed 'em in night after night for nigh on 20 years, making it a veritable institution; as British as fish 'n' chips and orderly bus queues. It was an exciting, hectic, fun time – a baptism of fire for any thespian acolyte, and the young Ray Cooney learnt a lot from his mentor Brian Rix and the rest of the company, many of whom are household names today in the world of comedy. And the things he learnt he meant to put to good use . . .

Rearguard Action

In the '60s and '70s he branched out into writing and directing, scripting the Whitehall farce *Chase Me Comrade*, while also playing the lead rôle in *The Mousetrap*. Then, while appearing in *Charlie Girl*, he found time to co-author a couple more comedies, *Not Now Darling* and *My Giddy Aunt*. As a producer he bought a string of successes to the stage – *Lloyd George Knew My Father*, *Ipi Tombi*, *Elvis*, *Whose Life Is It Anyway*, *Duet For One*, *Children of a Lesser God* and *Andy Capp*. Impressive credentials indeed.

In 1982, Ray called upon some of the many, many friends he had made during his theatrical career to help him realize his long-held ambition to form a national theatre of comedy. Assembling a veritable galaxy of theatrical talent – Leslie Phillips, Lord Ted Willis, John Mortimer, Brian Rix, John Alderton, Richard Briers, Liza Goddard, Julia McKenzie, Paul Eddington – anyone who was anyone in British comedy – he took over the mantle of Brian Rix. He became a trustee for Britain's popular theatre, fighting a rearguard action against the self-indulgence of the subsidised theatres and aiming to give the paying public what they really want – entertainment with a capital E, a lot of laughs, and, above all, value for money. And there are few who will not have heard of his productions now – *Run For Your Wife*, *Wife Begins at Forty*, *Two Into One* – his in every sense, as he writes, directs, and even owns the Shaftesbury Theatre.

So, is the British farce still in good shape? Are trousers still being lost at the slightest sign of trouble? When I arrived for the interview, would Ray Cooney dash out of one door just as I dashed in through the other, or would I find him managing a theatrical empire from among the dresses and jackets hanging in the wardrobe? I tracked him down to his offices opposite the Shaftesbury Theatre to get the low-down.

Why did you form the Theatre of Comedy?

'It's an idea which had been at the back of my mind for some years. I felt that as the French had their *Comedie Francais* and the Italians their *Comedia dell Arte*, then it was high time that Britain with all its wonderful comedy talent – writers, directors, actors and actresses – had its own national theatre of comedy.'

How did you get things moving?

'I put my idea to several colleagues and it was obviously an opportune moment, because I got an immediate response. Within a short while I hosted the "Ivy Dinner", where I brought together the first 13 disciples and we all agreed that it was time to set things in motion. I'd just written *Run For Your Wife* – a new comedy with which to launch the company – and I'd also acquired the lease of the Shaftesbury Theatre. It had just the right ambience for the productions we envisaged – Shakespeare, intimate Noel Coward comedies, small musicals. It has a marvellous rapport between the audience and the stage, and away from the actual auditorium it has the kind of cosy, relaxed feel which we wanted so that our audiences should really feel at home.'

What are the ingredients for a successful farce?

'Very similar to those for any other dramatic work. Many people tend to think that a farce is very different to a tragedy or a comedy, but really you need as strong a story as either. In fact, there's no difference between the plot of one and the other – it's only the quirks of the writer and the audience's reaction which make the outcome any different. The plot line in a good farce should be directly transferable into tragedy. In fact, farce has more in common with tragedy than it has with comedy.

'Comedy is often about an eccentric sort of character in an everyday situation, whereas farce and tragedy usually involve ordinary people trying to deal with unusual or eccentric situations, the struggle of the individual against overwhelming forces, his character flaws and inability to combat these forces as the tide runs stronger and stronger against him. That seems to sum up most of my own farces anyway.'

Do you think the British attitude to sex, in the way it's treated in the theatre, is unique?

'That's difficult. I don't really know the attitudes of other nationalities to sex. We all seem to propogate in the same way, so I'd imagine that we all have a similar attitude to it around the world. But I suppose the British are renowned for being restrained, reserved and uptight, so perhaps that is why farces which have sexual exploits as part of their plot work so well in Britain. But the kind of farces I write I don't really look on as sexual farces.'

How would you describe them, then, in that case?

'I think that the predicament of, say, *Run For Your Wife*, where a man has two wives, has really nothing to do with sex. There are no bedroom scenes in it at all and no one conniving to get anyone else into bed. It's just about the predicament a man finds himself in when there's a danger of his bigamous lifestyle being discovered and how he copes with that trauma. In that kind of fix, he hasn't really got much time for coping with bedtime capers. Maybe this is why my farces work so well abroad: purely by luck one hits upon a theme, usually about relationships, and there's a response to it which crosses any boundaries of race or nationality. So, if you happen to be a taxi driver and you've got two wives . . . well, anyone could understand that predicament wherever they might live. So, to answer your

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It may be a bit of a drag . . . but you soon learn what makes 'em laugh: a younger Ray Cooney acting in One For The Pot.

previous question, I don't think the British do have a particularly unique attitude to sex.'

Okay then, but do you think that the British take it less seriously?

'Well, the Americans certainly take everything pretty seriously, which is why they think our comedies are a bit frivolous and they can't see the drama in them. They like to wear their emotions on their sleeves, so if there's anything wrong with an American marriage, you'd very rarely see them treat it in the way I treat these things in *Run For Your Wife* or *Wife Begins At Forty*. The Americans would be much more likely to dissect it, probe the relationships between the people and psycho-analyse everything. So I agree, yes; we British certainly do treat these things in a more frivolous way.'

Do you think farce is becoming more or less popular?

'Like many trends in the theatre, it just depends what is fashionable at the moment, and I think farce must be in now, because there are two or three good ones around at the moment. When we started the Theatre of Comedy, the very first thing we staged was *Run For Your Wife* in 1983, and it got very good notices from the critics. Often, with farces, the reviewers will say it's not their cup of tea, but the audiences loved it – so it's kind of dismissed from a critical point of view. *Run For Your Wife* was a bit of a theatrical event, and, along with its favourable notices, they were also kind enough to say that I was very good at my job. So I think farce has become more acceptable.

'But go back 25 or 30 years to when I first worked for Brian Rix, and farce was definitely out of fashion. John Osborne had just come along and *Look Back In Anger* and the Royal Court were in vogue, so Brian Rix and the Whitehall farces were dismissed in the same way that, at one stage in their career, the Crazy Gang were. It's similar to Laurel and Hardy, too: when they were around, they were treated as though they were nothing special, just a fat guy and a thin guy who weren't particularly good. But then people realized what wonderful talent they both had and how clever they were, and it wasn't till after they were dead that they really achieved the acclaim they should have had a long time before. The same will probably apply to Brian Rix one day, because he really had an amazing achievement at the Whitehall, packing it to capacity for over 20 years with just five productions. So I've seen through quite a few phases as far as farce is concerned, and, at the moment – I'm happy to say – it's on an up.'

Do new writers still want to write farce, or are they more concerned with their image as deep thinkers?

'There's no doubt that the more subsidised theatre there is, the less you will encourage popular writers. That's what happened in Germany where you have an almost totally subsidised theatre. That's exactly why my kind of plays are so tremendously popular over there. You have to face up to it: it's the sort of thing the general public want to see. There's enough bad news around, so when they go to the theatre, they want to be entertained; to escape their troubles for a while. Of course you entertain at a high quality level – you don't write down to the public: but just bear in mind that what they want for their entertainment is a popular musical or a comedy.'

So 'entertaining' the public shouldn't be dismissed as creatively inferior?

'Certainly not. But once you have a heavily-subsidised theatre you tend to breed that kind of philosophy. The public doesn't get what it really wants because the people in the theatre – writers, directors, actors – are allowed to indulge themselves, trying to appear clever to each other and to please themselves rather than the public. It's a very intellectualised kind of theatre which doesn't always appeal to the general public. But, of course, they don't have to worry about that because they're so heavily subsidised, and disappointing audiences won't really affect their pay packet.

'My plays are so popular in Germany because their system means there are no German writers producing popular works. This applies to many European countries where people like Ayckbourne and myself – and writers who may not even be famous in Britain – do so well. There is a real demand for works like ours, and the danger here now is that the more subsidised theatre we have, the less we will encourage popular writers.'

So are you on the lookout for promising new writers?

'Yes, always. This is the serious problem in which the theatre finds itself. Because of the great amount of dramatic work required by TV these days, this is where the new writers tend to go, so it's starving the theatre of new writing talent. We're being squeezed on one hand by TV and on the other by the two major subsidised theatres, the RSC and the National. A little while ago those theatres had one auditorium each, now they have six or seven between them and that requires a tremendous amount of dramatic writing. They eat up writers, so the commercial theatre has to pull out all the stops to encourage new writers to work in the theatre.'

I've noticed that, as far as comedy is concerned, writers are being very unadventurous nowadays compared with the '60s, when the writing had a much sharper edge to it.

'You're referring to sitcoms, aren't you? There has been a huge new injection of talent recently – Rowan Atkinson, Smith & Jones, Rick Mayall & Co – so it does happen all the time. But certainly the sitcom does have tremendous pressure put upon it by the sheer amount required and – this is what happens in America – there is bound to be so much rubbish put out just to satisfy this insatiable demand. Of course, it does

It's not just the audiences who find things funny by the looks of the cast in Run For Your Wife, *with Bernard Cribbins, Richard Briers, Bill Pertwee and Carol Hawkins.*

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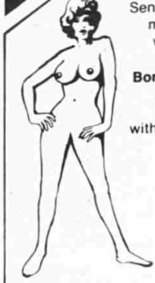

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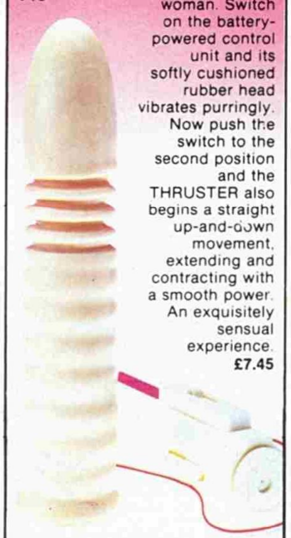

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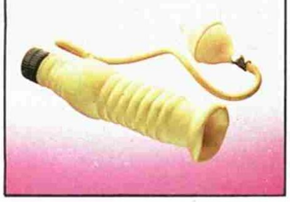

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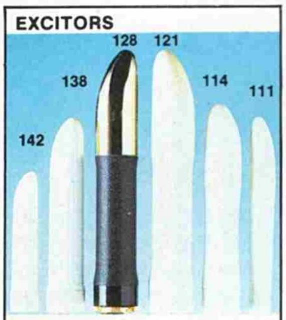

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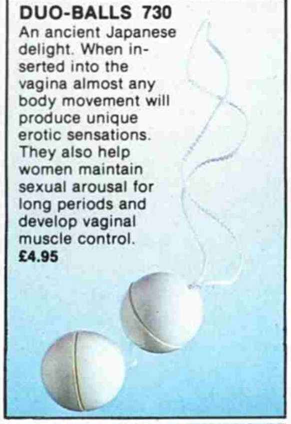

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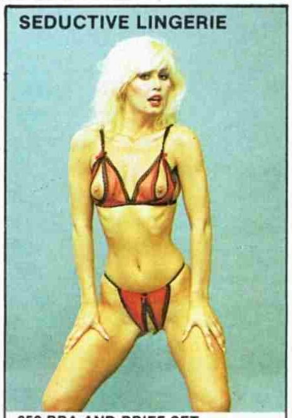

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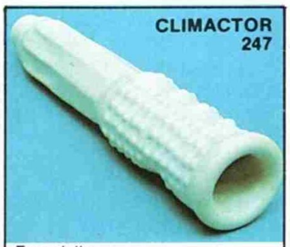

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Don't hide your light under a bushel, or your woman under the tea-trolley either, as Michael Williams attempts to do with the lovely Carolyn Allen in Two Into One.

mean that a lot of writers are getting a lot of practice, but it's practice in writing half-hour sitcoms, which is no good at all as a basic training for writing for the theatre.'

Do you think we need another Joe Orton?

'Oh, yes, you always need another Joe Orton. One of the troubles at the moment is that there is nowhere young writers and actors can practise their art. In America, Broadway is in a very bad way – the result of a number of things – but in the end, if writers and actors have ideas for new drama and there is an audience for it, then sooner or later the two will come together.

Baptism Of Fire

'Anyway, the theatre business is noted for its ups and downs. We happen to be going through a very good period in London just now, but there are a lot of revivals on in the West End, and that is a worry because it's the new work that really inspires fresh audiences. So we have to find a way of encouraging writers to write without the forums we had 40 years ago when they could go into weekly rep and really learn their craft, make a lot of mistakes, of course, but just do it a lot. A baptism of fire, which is impossible now because there just aren't anywhere near the same number of theatres there were then.'

Joe Orton outraged everyone with his subject matter – incest, rape, etc. Do you have any self-imposed censorship in your own writing?

'Only my natural inclinations. It's all to do with one's upbringing and instincts. I write my kind of plays simply because that's how I write. I've just been very fortunate that my writing amuses a lot of people, but that's just a happy accident. Even so, when I was in weekly rep with Brian Rix's company as a very young and impressionable actor, I obviously saw what made audiences laugh, and I took in a hell of a lot without realizing I was actually learning anything. I didn't want to be a writer at all – I wanted to be an actor – but my career just went off at a tangent.

'So that's my writing: if I don't write about some particular subject then it's just that I feel intuitively that's not what I should be writing about. I certainly don't have anything to say as a writer, though there is a theory that what you are and what you want to say about life is already in your writing anyway, though I do find that hard to believe with anything as frivolous as I've written. I just try to entertain the public and help them enjoy their leisure time. When you stand at the back of the Shaftesbury Theatre as often as I do and listen to 1300 people roaring with laughter, then you know that it must all be worthwhile.'

I read recently that you'd decided to quit your rôle as impresario in order to concentrate on your writing.

'No, no, no. The gossip writers just cottoned on to the fact that ever since we started the company, we were looking for a title for me and hit upon Artistic Director because that's what most companies seem to have. But I always knew this wasn't the role to which I was best suited because of the heavy burden of administration that's involved. So I've always been on the lookout for someone who could take over the rôle of Artistic Director while I became the impresario and Chief Executive of the company, leaving the Artistic Director to take on the tremendous day-to-day responsibilities of being Artistic Director. And that's what *The Stage* and the other papers picked up on to imply that I was leaving the company.'

You've no drastic plans to change direction, then?

'Well, I intend to devote the rest of my career to the Theatre of Comedy. It's not as though my job was just an appointment. I have a third of the share-holding and I'm really the instigator, so it's all very much my baby. It's never been in my nature to quit something that I've started, so I'll be here for the rest of my career wearing some hat or other – whether it's writing, directing or occasionally acting. So you see that, with all that, wearing the administrative hat as well makes it very difficult to take time off to go and concentrate on the creative side. If you're writing, for instance, you really need a solid ten-week stint to get anything worthwhile from it.'

Who are the writers you admire?

'If you're talking about comedy writers, then it has to be Neil Simon. He manages to combine comedy and drama, which is a *marvellous* quality and one which I don't possess in my own work. I just ask my audiences to enjoy it, to be surprised, perhaps, at some of the amazingly algebraic pieces of writing – and to laugh. But Neil Simon, especially in some of his later plays, moves the audience so that they have a tear in their eyes, as well as a chuckle in their throats. It's a wonderful achievement.'

Though it's not one of your own plays, how do you rate the amazing success of the long-running* No Sex Please We're British*, which has been packing them in for nearly 16 years now?

'It's very easy to underestimate its success and people, especially those within the theatre, tend to knock it in the same way as they knock *The Mousetrap*. Often, they've never even seen either production. Now, I've seen *No Sex Please We're British* and I think it is a very good piece of writing – which is why it has run all this time. It's similar in many ways to *Run For Your Wife;* it's very simple and about ordinary people caught up in circumstances beyond their control. The general public – and it's only they who can give you the genuine long run – totally identify with the characters. A lot of farces tend to be about middle-class people, but *No Sex* and *Run For Your Wife* are about very ordinary people. In *Run For Your Wife* he's a taxi driver; in *No Sex Please We're British* it's just an ordinary everyday married couple, and the young man with whom they get entangled is just a clerk in an office or bank. Ordinary people... that's why it appeals. And of course it generates a lot of laughs!'

And what is your own favourite show?

'Whichever one you're involved with at the time is *always* your favourite; the baby to whom you give all your love. And that applies to the flops, too. But with hindsight, trying to be as impartial as possible, I think *Run For Your Wife* is my favourite. At the time I began it I thought I was "written out" – creatively exhausted.

Fresh Ideas

'I'd written a lot of plays by then, either by myself or with John Chapman, and I thought that, as he and I put so very much into all of our plays (as opposed to Ayckbourne who has the marvellous talent for taking a slender idea and spinning it out), then there'd never be another bright idea. Two of those previous plays – *Not Now Darling* and *Move Over Mrs Markham* – had been tremendously successful all over the world, so I was pleasantly surprised to find with *Run For Your Wife* that I hadn't lost the touch and I still had fresh ideas. What I really like most about it is its economy and simplicity.

'Another current production, *Two Into One,* is just as successful, but for very different reasons. It involves an amazing set that zooms around and uses a kind of cinematic technique. You see a bedroom and lounge of one hotel suite, the bedroom and lounge of another, the combined two lounges and the reception. I've used the technique of the movies in that one, but it really makes for a marvellously different evening in the theatre. We put everything into it apart from the kitchen sink. *Run For Your Wife,* on the other hand, is such a simple story, with the same stage area being used to depict two different living rooms. I think that sums up its essential secret as the most distilled piece of comedy. My favourite.'

So, after three quarters of an hour, I'd found out most of what I wanted to know – and I still had my trousers. Maybe the farce has changed a little to keep up with the changing moral climate, as it always must; but whatever happens, you can be sure Ray Cooney will be in the vanguard somewhere, helping to keep Britain laughing for many years to come...

Photos by Dwight Fox

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club Biker

RE

ADY FOR TAKE-OFF...

Remember all the praise I heaped on Yamaha's RD500 back in Vol 14 No 12? I went on at length at how it was the ultimate in biking excitement and how I'd never enjoyed myself so much on two wheels before. I meant every word, too.

Well, the RD will always have a place in my heart, but – in terms of performance, anyway – there's a new ultimate. It's called the Suzuki RG500 Gamma, and is even more of a road racer replica than the Yamaha. And believe you me – that's really saying something.

First impressions of a bike are often misleading; some appear to be more impressive than they actually are, while others get off to a bad start but grow on you the longer you ride them. Not so the RG500 – here's a bike that lays its cards face up on the table right from the very start. If it could introduce itself, it would probably say something like: 'You better handle me with care, because when I get into my power band I'll blow your mind.'

It would be right, too. Compared to the Yamaha, the power band on the RG is narrower and more difficult to keep on song, but if you do manage to keep it on the boil, the force of the acceleration is nothing short of fearsome. Eight grand on the rev counter is the magic number – there's nothing gradual about it, either; it hits you with all the subtlety of a punch in the stomach.

If you've got the guts, or a long enough stretch of road, the RG will keep on hurling itself forward well into the red zone (that's the number of revs per minute past which you shouldn't wind up the engine). This is in marked contrast to the Yamaha, which had already reached peak power before the red zone, making it pointless to keep on accelerating.

A top speed of around 150mph isn't wishful thinking with this bike – let's get that straight. But top speed shouldn't be the most important

SUZUKI
500
C515 NWV

Photographs by Dave Antony

SUZUKI
500
SUZUKI
CRASH AXE

factor in buying a bike (although, sadly, it often is). After all, where the hell in this overcrowded little island of ours are you able to get anywhere near that sort of speed? Barry Sheene might be able to recommend a few good circuits, but that's just about yer lot.

No, the reason why *I* would buy this bike would be for the eye-popping acceleration I've already mentioned: it's no coincidence I've got my flying gear on in the pictures – this one accelerates faster than Concorde from a standing start!

And the only thing the Suzuki has in common with the 1944 Dakota in the pictures is that they share the same top speed. Really makes you wonder how they got the things off the ground, don't it? Just as you have to wonder how the Suzuki manages *not* to take off.

Sensation

My favourite pastime during my time with the bike was to sit behind the car in front on a busy stretch of road; then, when the traffic coming in the opposite direction was all just about past, change down enough gears so that the rev counter is reading just outside the power band – say 7000rpm – then, when the road clears, zap! And until you've experienced the sensation a few times, it takes your brain about half-a-second to register just what's happening to you.

There's no 'getting used' to it, though. Every time it happened to me, it still had exactly the same effect, ie it got my heart pounding and my eyes glazing. Although, with my Biggles goggles on, my eyes looked permanently glazed, anyway!

And with performance like that, an airfield seemed the ideal location to try out the Gamma's shattering capabilities.

I don't know what it is about me, but I always seem to attract comments when I pull into filling stations. I was out for a blast on Sunday afternoon – it's the type of bike that makes you want to take it out even when you've nowhere in particular to go – when I pulled into this gas station just off a main road. And pulling into gas stations is something you'll need to get used to if you want to own an RG500.

Anyway, I was just climbing back on to the bike, having topped up, when this guy got out of his car and literally ran over to me. 'Was that you who came past me a couple of miles back?' he asked.

Truthfully, I answered: 'Dunno. I was going too fast to read number plates, mate. Probably was me, though.'

Better Rider

He stared at the bike, and then gave me a right eyeful. 'Where d'you learn to ride a bike like that, then?' was all he could come out with. Bloody men. I couldn't even be bothered to tell him I'm a better rider than most blokes I know; I just hit the kick start and screamed off down the road, sounding exactly like a Grand Prix racing machine. And, just a few years ago, the RG would have been exactly that – a competitive racing machine for the world championships.

The handling is brilliant, thanks to a frame which would do justice to a bike with even more power than the RG – just look at the thickness of the headstock behind the handlebars! It's delightfully easy to chuck into corners, as befits a machine which feels like a 250 and weighs not much more than one. If you can imagine a 150mph-plus 250, it'll maybe give you a better idea of what it's really like to ride the RG.

I mentioned earlier that you have to work hard at keeping the Suzuki in its power band, unlike the Yamaha, which went into orbit 2000rpm earlier. But don't get the impression that this renders the RG unrideable – far from it. In actual fact, it's perfectly happy to run at 50mph in top gear. And what's more – something actually *happens* when you open the throttle; not a lot, mind you, but enough to save you from playing tunes on the gearbox if you're not in a flying hurry. I even quite enjoyed riding it through London, and I'm no masochist! Another point worth noting here is that the RG, cruising at 100mph in top gear, still isn't in its power band . . .

But it's such good fun winding the RG up, it encourages you to take it as near to the limit as you dare – as often as possible. If you do, never leave home without your wallet: this bike is the greediest bastard I've ever ridden.

My average fuel consumption of

SUZUKI
C515 NWV

just under 25mpg should be regarded as good: I wasn't blessed with the best weather conditions during the test, meaning I had to take it easy a lot of the time. The two-day spell where I was able to *really* go for it, I got 19 to the gallon. Keeps the Arabs happy, I suppose.

I said something about the RD500 in my *Club Biker* review last month, so it's only fair I say the same about the Suzuki: watch out for your licence, boys! You're going to stand out a mile on the RG, anyway, so don't ask for trouble by doing daft speeds on motorways, in town or wherever the Jam Sandwich Boys hang out!

Dynamite

Daft speeds are out of the question at night, because the lights are as naff as the Yamaha's. This is a shame, really, because although the Gamma is definitely a bike for dry-road, daylight riding, we all get caught out by darkness sometimes, and it's surely not asking an awful lot to have some decent lights.

Being caught out by the rain isn't such a let-down, though, because the tyres give really good grip, and the brakes are dynamite in wet *and* dry. The streamlined racing fairing does a good job at deflecting rain and wind, too, although don't expect it to keep you dry. This ain't a Honda Aspencade, you know!

Looks-wise, it's difficult to separate the Yamaha and the Suzuki – they're both gorgeous. The Suzuki, unlike its rival, doesn't come with a natty little seat hump as standard, although you can buy one as an optional extra.

So what about it, then? Is owning a Gamma a viable proposition, or is it just an expensive poseur's toy? I reckon it's a bit of both, although definitely more of the latter. I've ridden it in the rain and I've ridden it through the London rush-hour. It can be a bit frustrating in these conditions, but it does gain pass marks.

Besides, the promise of a fast, dry road ahead always makes you look forward to better things. And when better things *do* come... well, it really is *better*. The only reason I don't say 'best' is who knows what they'll come up with next year...?

Dawn Beaven

SUZUKI RG500 GAMMA

Engine:	498cc, square four two-stroke, with rotary valve induction. Water-cooled. Maximum power 95bhp at 9500rpm, maximum torque 52.8ft/lbs at 9000rpm.
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The French Connection

AUBERGE des MAURES

April in Paris. The very words conjure up an image of warm sunshine, ambient boulevard cafés, a bottle or three of Bordeaux and lots of young French fanny *en promenade*.

So what a coincidence, you might think, that our truly delicious *jeune fille* in our latest *French Connection* just happens to be called April (although you say it *Aapreel*). April, a Parisienne born and bred, is a dental nurse, and a better anaesthetic we cannot think of.

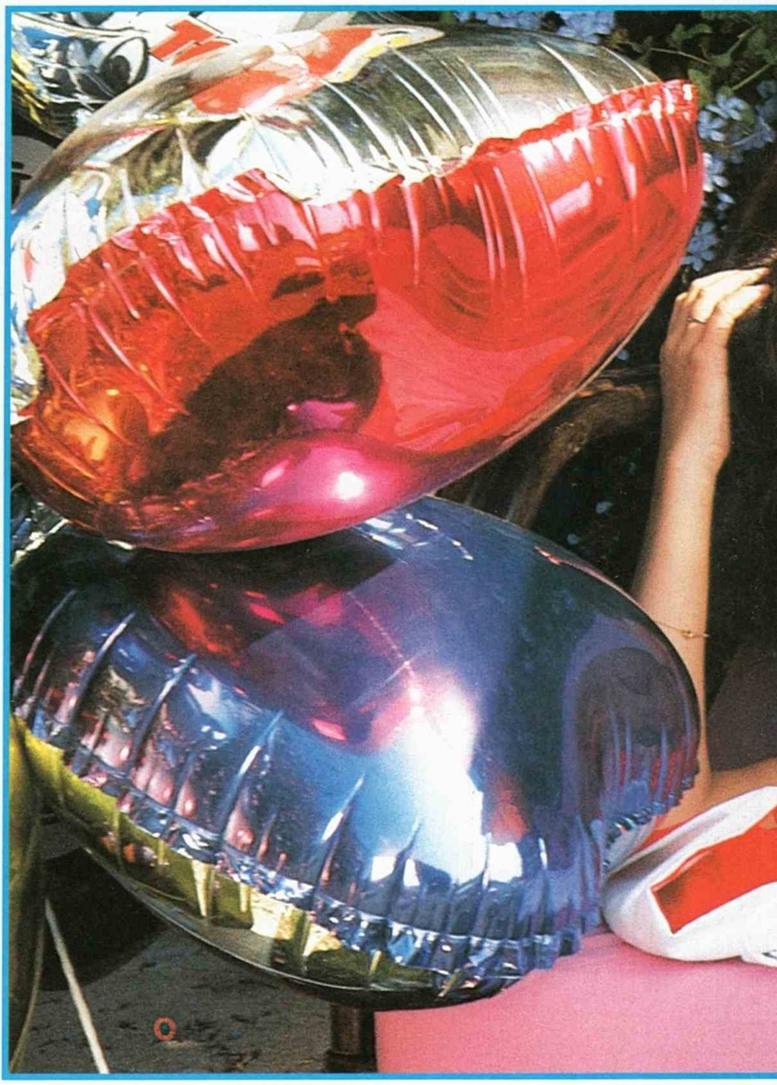
Says 21-year-old April: 'My boss is very happy with my job, because his men clients are never nervous with me to hold their hand.' Yeah, maybe so. Bet they'd rather she was holding something else, though; and, at the same time, maybe hoping for a bit of rôle reversal, where *she's* the one who's opening wide . . .

This is April's first appearance in Club International, although French punters have had the good fortune to see her in Continental mags before now.

'I like very much the idea of British men seeing my body, because I have had a British boyfriend – from *Eepsweech*, I think you say it? And if they are all like him – well . . . !'

And if we could have April all year round, in Paris or anywhere else – well . . . !

Photographs by Rupert Baines



A DAY IN THE LIFE OF... The Marquis de Sade

This month, our regular feature profiles Donatiens Aldonze Francois, Marquis de Sade – Frenchman, aristocrat, philanthropist, philosopher, novelist, mal viveur, pervert and sicko . . .

At 7am, I have the handcuffs unlocked and get out of bed for a light flogging with the No. 5 whip, administered by Monsignor Francois, the local bishop.

I shave with a blunt guillotine blade and cover the wounds with sandpaper when I cut myself. If I find any spots, I squeeze them with a pair of pliers. I then pull on my barbed-wire shorts, fill them with battery acid and go jogging around the estate on a specially-constructed path of broken glass. 'Feurst ze flog, zen ze jog,' I always say.

Returning to the chateau, I have a cold shower and a little breakfast – usually just a glass of fresh orange juice, a croissant and some razor blades. I often turn on the breakfast television. After a minute of watching Russell Grant, the pain becomes too much to bear and I go and stick my head in the oven instead.

Kidnapped Virgins

After dressing and gun-powdering my wig, I pick up my umbrella and briefcase, kiss the goat goodbye and have the servants drive me through the rush-hour traffic to Charenton for a hard day in the office. During the journey I like to put on my Walkman and listen to some music – usually chamber music (torture chamber, that is – tee-hee!), but I also like the Kinks, Iron Maiden and, of course, Sade.

I am very proud of my carriage, which is the envy of my fellow-aristos and of the miserable peasants that I regularly drive over. I have a 'Marquis 4 Goat' sunstrip, one of those horns that plays the first four bars of the 'La Marseillaise' and a pair of purple furry heads dangling from the rear-view mirror. It also has lots of funny stickers on it, saying things like 'my other carriage is a tumbril', 'reconditioned Hansom cab' and '0-6 in 15 minutes'. On the underside, there's a witty sticker that says 'if you can read this, you've just been run over' and another one next to it that says 'if you can read this, I apologize for mistaking you for an illiterate peasant'. Then I've got one of those safety seats in the back for strapping kidnapped virgins into so that I'll be safe from them.

I get into the office about nine, and after shouting *'vive la France'* and trading polite obscenities with Justine and Juliette, the receptionists, I take the lift down to my personal suite of torture chambers. The lift attendant, Filthy Pierre, asks me: 'ow are ze goat and kids?' and I reward his deferential concern by ravishing him, cutting his feet off and telling him to have a nice day.

Heavy Work

It's in the morning that most of my heavy work gets done – dropping anvils on people's heads, tying down naked virgins with lead weights and making them read to me from the encyclopedia, getting lady weightlifters to sit on my face, that sort of thing.

In these days of full employment, it's very difficult to get decent staff. This lot are always coming in late, stealing paper clips, thumbscrews, severed limbs and girls with no clothes on. Then there's the practical jokers, the ones who fry chips in the boiling oil, put rubber spikes in the iron maiden or blood in the office drinks machine so that when you insert your ten-centime piece expecting a cup of Pepsi, you get black pudding instead.

Interrogations

And they're always making personal interrogations on the office equipment, or gossiping about who's torturing who when they should be working. It gets so bad sometimes that I have to refuse to whip them into line.

Eleven o'clock is time for coffee break. Stinking Henri, the tea boy, comes around with a trolley on which is a huge urn of steaming-hot coffee. Arter dipping him in it head-first, we all sit down to a cup of steaming-hot stinking coffee and a Bourbon biscuit. I often chat with fellow sports-lover Dirty Jacques about last night's match. We're both supporters of Aristocrats United and we're a little worried about being relegated to the Third Estate. We both very much deplore the violence on the terraces, which distracts from the violence on the pitch. These cock-fighting hooligans are bringing the game into disrepute.

> **'If, in my little way, I can make some poor soul's life a little more miserable, then it's all been worthwhile . . .'**

I catch up with my paperwork until lunchtime. The paper is inserted into the victim's bodily orifices and then set alight. Though, with my unhelpful staff, I've often found that my *Times* crossword has been shoved up someone's arse before I've had time to finish it, so I have to get out the fire bucket and retrieve it.

Large Breasts

I was recently offered a 'knuckle sandwich' by a peasant who was grateful for my having ravished his pig. Since the knuckles were fresh, it was delicious and nowadays I always go to the sandwich bar for lunch instead of the kebab house. I have a knuckle sandwich, or a club sandwich if the clubs are crunchy. I follow this with a thick slice of Black Forest gateau topped with whipped cream and Marmite.

I'm usually tied to my desk for the afternoon. If I'm lucky, a girl with large breasts is tied to my desk instead and I can do all kinds of things to her, such as tickling her feet or telling her my awful jokes.

Often, though, bureaucracy catches up with me and I have to read memos and write my monthly article for *Ouch!* (the theoretical journal of the French National Union of Torturers). I've got a really good one for them next month – about this new machine I've invented that stretches people. The only problem is that I've no idea what I should call it – I've been *racking* my brains over it for weeks now. Mon Dieu! That's it! I'll call it *The Stretcher*!

In the evening, I usually invite the gang around. We'll have some freshly-kidnapped peasant girls from a neighbouring village. We take their clothes off, give them a bath, de-louse them and if the pox-doctor gives us the thumbs-up, we'll have a bit of fun. After a few minutes of this sort of thing, I find that I have to pull down my britches and take my big, throbbing cock out of my underpants. This is a great relief, because the cock's been squawking and pecking at my nuts all day.

High Society

We'll all get drunk and settle down to play poker (not the card game), Strip Jacques Naked (and flog him), postman's knock (in which we knock a postman), pin the tail on the donkey (exactly as it sounds) and lewdo. Another popular game is snakes and ladders, in which we put a peasant in a pit full of snakes and don't give him a ladder until he can explain Einstein's theory of relativity to the goat in Serbo-Croat.

Yes, we have a great time and the High Society of France are a great bunch. Nobody gives better head than Robespierre; taking a bath with Marat is an unforgettable experience; an evening with Marie Antoinette and her sheep is a laugh; and you'd never believe how the Scarlet Pimpernel got his name. Mind you, that jumped-up young Corsican, Napoleon, always gets on everyone's nerves. He never joins in the fun, preferring to whiff grapeshot while marching around on his stomach with his hand on his left tit. We always make fun of him, because we know he'll never amount to anything. We have a joke about him that goes like this:

First aristocrat: I say, I say, I say! Can you tell me Napoleon's nationality?
Second aristocrat: 'course I can!

Obnoxious

People are always asking me if I ever get tired of my job – the repetition, the blood, the smells, the diseases – and I always reply that if, in my little way, I can make some poor soul's life a little more miserable, then it's all been worthwhile. I was so proud when I was voted Most Obnoxious Aristocrat in France last year. I confess that a small tear came to my eye when Sir Richard Attenborough – who has done so much himself to inflict pain on the undeserving – presented me with the Academy of Unpleasant Aristocrats special award, a 'Ghengis'.

As I said to Barry Norman afterwards: 'rilly, zere are planty of guys murch nastiair zan moi, ah juste 'appened to be in ze rart place at ze rart tarm.' To which he replied: 'Pardon?' I went on to explain that the stupid Inspector Clouseau accent is all part of my style – being a pain in the backside as well as everywhere else. But, really, I owe my success to the little people (who used to be big until I cut their legs off), to the ordinary Pierres, Jacqueses and Henris – the folks back home (buried in the lime pits at the chateau).

Neil Gaiman

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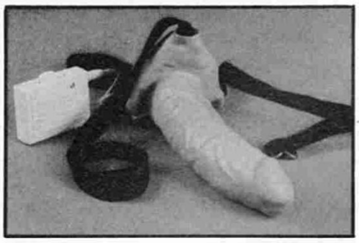

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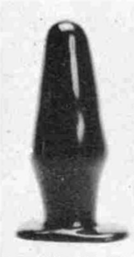

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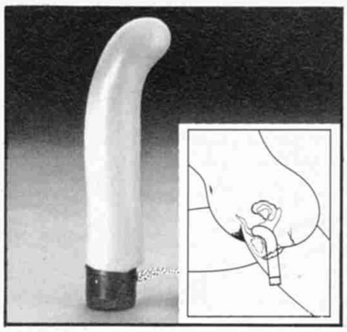

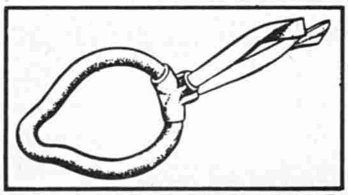

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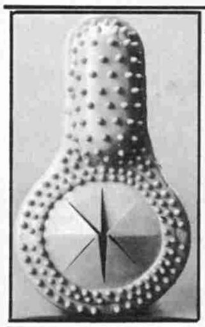

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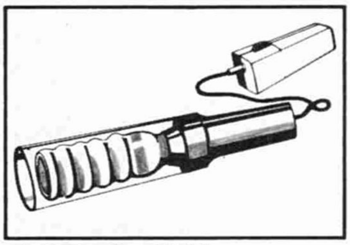

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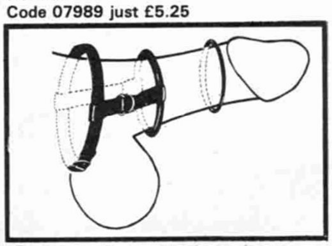

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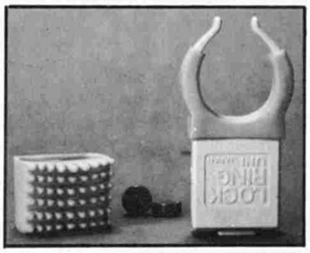

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club Event

Take your seats, ladies and gentlemen, for the first-ever *Club Event* gang-bang.

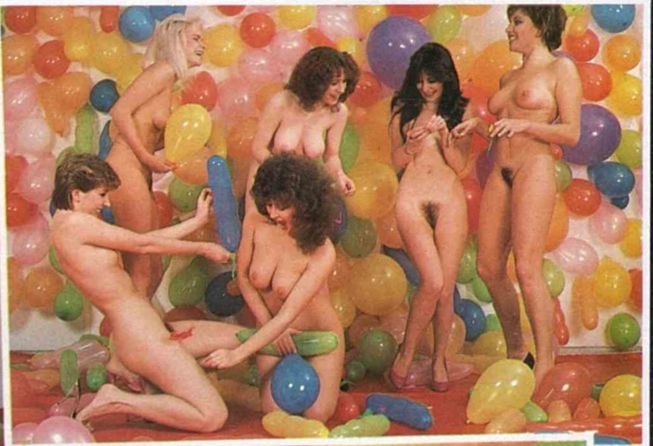
This event featured more than its fair share of stretching, pulling and rubbing, with the odd blow job thrown in for good measure. But more than anything else, of course, there was the banging: lots of it.

You see, the idea for this month's sexy sextet was to burst as many balloons as possible, using only parts of their bodies. And so that the judges, ie us, could make sure that rule was *strictly* adhered to (ahem!), the girls would have to do it all in the buff. Just like any good gang-bang, really.

We'd laid on brightly-coloured balloons of all shapes and sizes, but this sex-mad lot seemed to create a preference for the large knackwurst-shaped variety. And the sound of large rubber knackwursts being pulled over soft female flesh was everywhere.

'This big red one reminds me of someone,' said Samantha, as she rubbed it between her thighs, a glazed look in her eyes.

'Yeah, but I bet he doesn't explode as quickly as this one,' giggled Louise as she sunk her teeth into it, causing the umpteenth bang of the day. 'I don't always bite as hard as that,' she assured the frightened male onlookers afterwards. What a nice thought to end an event that really did go off with a bang . . .



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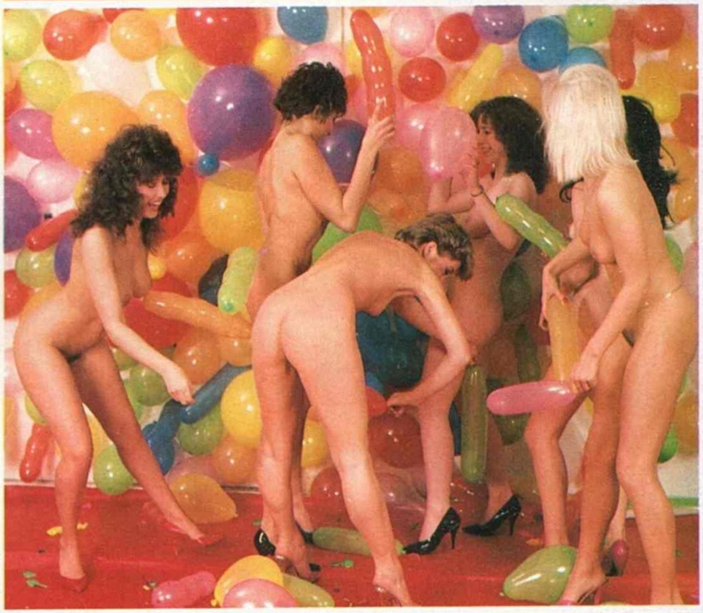

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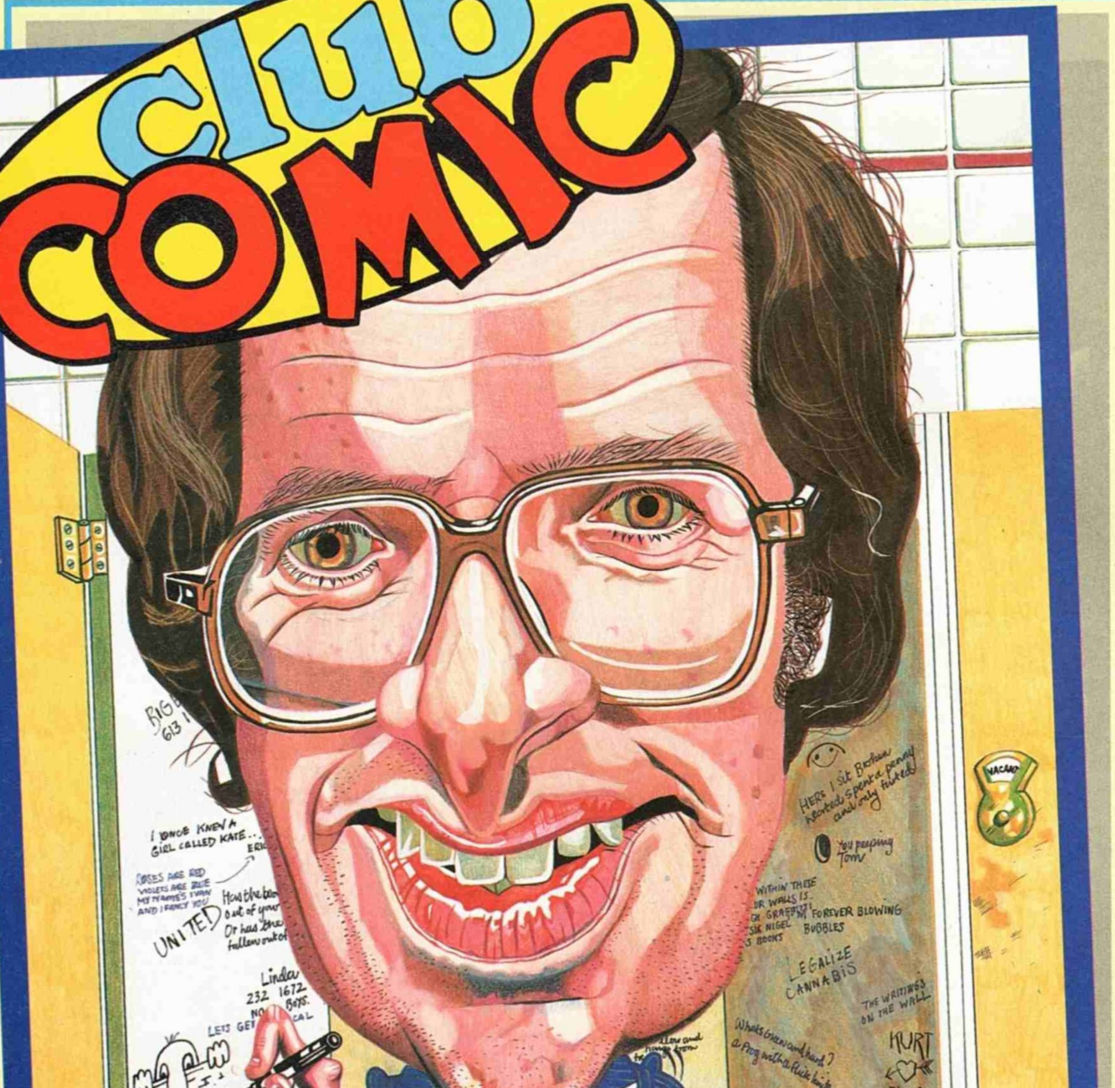
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Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

NIGEL REES

In his neat booklined study, in the basement of his Notting Hill home, Nigel Rees MA (English) Oxon is giving me a preview of some of the funnier funnies to be published in a few weeks' time by Unwin Paperbacks in *Graffiti 5.* There is the history of the V-sign – *vee haf vays of making you chalk* ... 'Do you know they actually *encouraged* people to write on walls in World War II?' he says, with that inflective nuance of the Senior Common Room. 'Officially-inspired graffiti. That's what it was.'

Mr. Rees you see, is a tremendously diligent researcher. A bookish-looking, bespectacled Donnish type, the *Sunday Times* once called him 'the BBC's quotation guru'. He is always popping up on telly – besides having written 25 titles since 1978 – in such things as the afternoon *Countdown* programme. 'I mean, I say to people, when they come up and talk to me about it: "But weren't you working?" They say: "Yes, of course, but we taped it on video".'

That is something Nigel Rees readily appreciates. He is a hyper-well-organized gadget freak. A word processor stands on a desk, in its momentarily unused state looking a touch Banquo returned, and there is an absolutely splendid thing behind his desk which looks as though it has been borrowed from the cockpit of Concorde. To his right hand, his music; a stand with a paper sheet where ideas are instantly scribbled.

He doesn't have any hobbies. 'I don't have any, because what I do for my living is what everybody else does for a hobby.'

We press on with soupçons from *Graffiti 5.* 'My friend's friend is his enema ...' 'Wear your pussy with pride ...' 'I make love like a penguin. Once a year ...' Is instant curry just a flash in the pan ...? 'Diarrhoea is hereditary. It runs in your genes ...'

And Ms. Joan Collins – on the subject of dysentry – has a huge chunk all to herself. 'Nancy Reagan has had a facelift. Joan Collins needs a fork lift ...' – and one I wish I had thought of myself: 'Joan Collins has discovered the secret of eternal middle age ...'

Graffiti

A trio of £1.75 a time *Quotable–, Sixties–,* and *Showbiz Trivia* titles (Unwin), *The Nigel Rees Book of Slogans & Catchphrases, The Gift of The Gab* (Macdonald), and *The Joy Of Clichés,* for Futura Publications, are all part of the Rees output in the last eight highly prolific years. He even found time to compile a *Who's Who Of Nicknames,* in conjunction with Vernon Noble, as well as embarking on *Graffiti* 1-4, which were the successors to his first three *Quote-Unquote* bestsellers, taken from his quiz anthology programme on Radio 4.

All four *Graffiti* books have been in the bestseller lists and No. 2 was the No. 1 paperback seller in July 1980. Other anthologies that have spun off from the programme include *Eavesdroppings* (overheard remarks), and the popular *Year Of* . . . calendars.

Nigel Rees was born near Liverpool and made his first television appearance on a local programme in 1967, before moving to London as a freelance. Initially, he worked for ITN and *News At Ten* as a reporter. In 1971 he turned to presenting, introducing BBC World Service's *Twenty-Four Hours* nearly a thousand times between 1972-1979, as well as being a regular presenter of the arts programme *Kaleidoscope*. But he also kept up his acting – an Oxford inheritance – appearing in Radio 4's satirical *Week Ending*, and in several series' of *The Burkiss Way*.

Interruptus

In 1976, aged 32, he became the youngest-ever presenter of Radio 4's breakfast-time *Today* programme.

'I spent the first 20 years of my life in Liverpool, so whatever sense of humour I have is coloured by that,' he smiles. 'It is different from the rest of Lancashire. It is a place on its own. There is something in the air, and people are naturally funny. I remember a cousin of mine telling me of the day she took her pekinese for a walk – she always did so on a very long lead – and two young kids, who can't have been more than six or seven, saw her doing this and shouted out. "Hey, miss. You dropped your ball of wool!"

'That is why I am now dealing with popular language. I have just done these two books based on clichés and the gift of the gab; a joke guide to the art of making conversation, based on something which Jonathan Swift called Polite Conversation, and wrote over 200 years ago. No guide like it has appeared since. What he intended to do was to tell people how to make light, witty remarks. What, in fact, he was really doing was telling them what they always used, anyway – all those little things you put into conversation like: "Oh, I'm a poet, but I didn't know it", or "Would you like a whisky?" "No thanks. I like a whisky, but it doesn't like me".

'But getting back to Liverpool: Scouse is enormously inventive. *Coitus Interruptus* is known as *Getting Off At Edge Hill* – the last stop before Liverpool!'

I wonder the cause and effect of Nigel's graffiti books. Have they not encouraged people to write more on lavatory walls? Because the British really do have a penchant for writing all over the brickwork of the *pissoir*. I remember, *in defecato flagrante*, just making the seat of the new loos in Newport on a rugger tour 20 years ago. As my eyes adjusted to the light, and I gave thanks for the adjacency of the premises to my need, I looked up and on the back of the WC door someone had written: 'Myfanwy Evans has a cunt like a bucket . . .'

No, says Mr. Rees, firmly. He does not think the British write more on their loo walls than anyone else, or that his books encourage it. It is just that English is such a rich language, and that there is more of it, *inter alia*, to write about. The Australians, and Americans, he knows for a fact, are loo wall-writers *cum laude*. The poor Greeks and French, we feel, do not have the same range with their respective native tongues. Hence, their graffiti takes the form more of political sloganizing.

'I think you also get people sending in stuff to me which they would otherwise have written up on a wall,' says Nigel. 'The amazing thing is that you get the same jokes everywhere. At one time, I thought it was because people like air stewardesses carried them around the world. For instance, in Australia someone told me a graffiti joke: "Malcolm Fraser (then their prime minister) does the work of two men . . . Laurel & Hardy!" I came home and someone came up to me and said: "Mrs. Thatcher does the work of two men . . ." "Yes", I said. "Laurel & Hardy . . ."

> *"I think you also get people sending in stuff to me which they would otherwise have written up on a wall . . ."*

'They were absolutely crestfallen. The funny thing is about people with jokes they see and like is that for some very strange reason they feel no one else has seen them and that they have them all to themselves to pass on.

'My whole thing is examining how people use and misuse the language. 90 per cent of all jokes in the English tongue *are* to do with language; playing with words. It is not so much that kind of humour which comes from observation of character, such as *Fawlty Towers* — something like that where the humour *is* the character. Most jokes depend on playing with words. What's pink, and hard, and comes in the morning?

'The answer is the *Financial Times* crossword.

'I read English at Oxford, as you know, so I suppose my interest in the language has always been there. I find my books being recycled endlessly by others. I can always tell, because I make up one or two jokes myself – and when I see them come round, I know that someone's lifted them.

'But then, in a way, that is what I do. But I suppose if people wanted to be paid for their graffiti, they should sign them with their names and addresses underneath!'

I gaze up at a magazine cartoon on the mantelpiece. It shows a graffitist about to write. The caption reads: 'I used to be a vandal, but now I write books for Nigel Rees'.

'Not all graffiti are funny. That is a point to make.' Mr. Rees flicks through more pages from the present and the past of his enormous industry. 'Here's one – playing about with the language again – that came out during the Jeremy Thorpe trial: "Beware Scott Of The Arse Antics!!"

'I try and track down where phrases come from. Sometimes, people put two together to make a lovely nonsense. How's this? "Please Adjust Your Dress Before Leaving . . . As A Refusal Often Offends".

'I keep this file going the whole time. When the Americans caught the hijackers last year, and the Italians released them, Reagan said: "You can run, but you can't hide". I thought it was Ron indulging in a quote from one of his old Westerns. Then, yesterday, I happened to read it in a biography of Joe Louis, the boxer, who said it about his fight with Billy Conn in 1941.

'I try and track things down, but I like simple jokes the best. "A bird in the hand . . . does it on your wrist". "If your nose runs and your feet smell, you're upside down". "If you've got water on the knee, you're not aiming straight", and: "One-legged girls are a pushover".

One-eyed

'People also tend to forget the complete joke but remember the punchline, so they invent their own lead up to it. They do this all the time. Or else you hear or read something, and you think: "Gosh, that's new" – only to find someone said it over 100 years ago.

'I had this cutting from the *Westmoreland Gazette* someone sent me. It was in the small ads. "Lost. Bald, one-eyed ginger Tom. Crippled in both back legs. Recently castrated. Answers to Lucky".

'I said that in a TV chat show, and, a few months later – sure enough – I was watching a television play, and someone said it.

'But I think I'm slowing down slightly over the humorous books. I mean, there are so many of them. If you go into Smith's, you see whole shelves of them. I would quite like to move into something else; to use humour in writing a novel, perhaps. I am asked to do quite a few after-dinner speeches and things like that, but I find that people always want jokes from me. When I really feel I have something serious to say I can feel them drawing away, if I continue in the serious vein. If I wrote *War & Peace* it would get billed as: "Nigel Rees takes a sideways look at . . ."

Funny is Money

'But when I get slightly worried about it all, I remind myself of the old Hollywood saying. "Funny is money!"

'I think it is nice if you *can* amuse people, but I also think it is better if the humour can be applied to something. I do not like comedians or even novels where the person is saying: "I am going to be funny" – a conscious effort. You say well, entertain me then. But I think that if you say: "I am going to tell you a story", and humour arises as a result, *that* is so much the better.

'The thing about Winston Churchill was that he not only said serious things in a very wonderful way, but was also extremely funny. You know that there was this thing about Roland Rat being the first rat to swim to the aid of a sinking ship, when there was all the problem about TVam? Churchill said that in the late 1940s when a Conservative MP crossed the floor of the House to join the Liberals.'

On the wall is a picture of Nigel Rees with a pretty lady in a restaurant. It is Sue, his wife. 'In Venice, they always seem to take your picture when you're eating,' he says, solemnly. 'But first of all, you get a man coming round trying to sell you flowers.

'They do that in Venice, especially,' sighs the well-travelled Mr. Rees. The 'phone rings. Someone says something which makes him giggle. The pen is picked up and another *bon mot* or two are on the assembly line.

MY FAVOURITE GAG

A Liverpool man calls on his mate. His mate's wife answers the door.

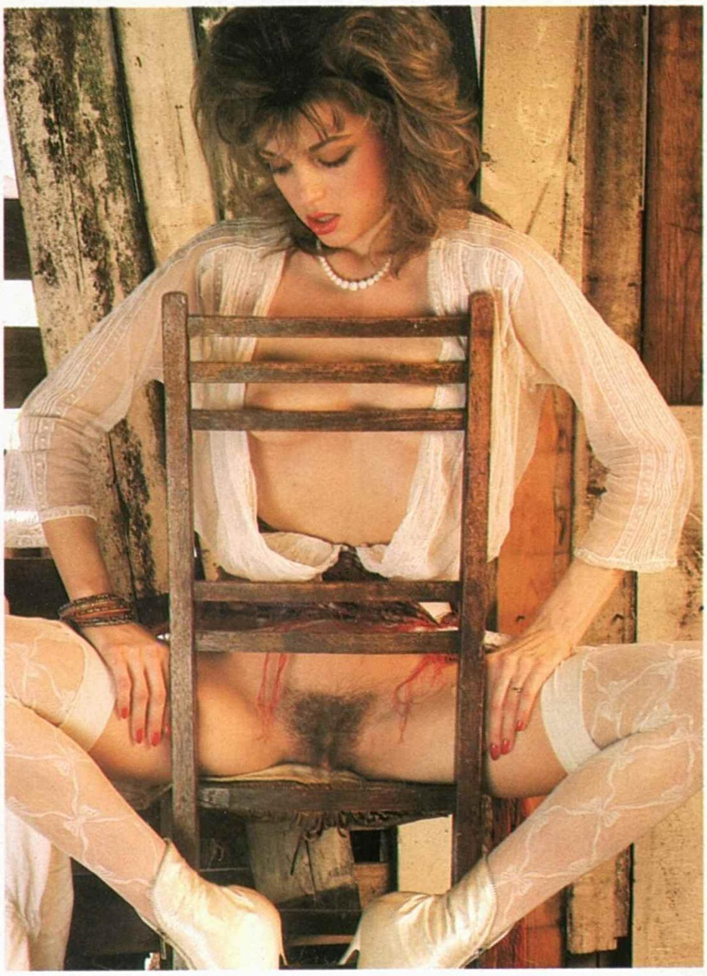
'How's Georgie getting on, Mary?'

'He's had a terrible accident: while he was having breakfast, he collapsed and died over the table.'

'Did he say anything about a paintbrush?'

Charley

Photos by Ian Potter



WOMEN'S Writes

Our women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

I looked around, and was relieved to discover I was far from being the only female singled out for 'the treatment'

Josie and her lover get their fill at a dinner party which gets under way AFTER the coffee and liqueurs . . .

I lead a full, happy, active sex life. I've been married twice, with – fortunately – no children resulting from either marriage, and now I find myself a free agent once again. I go to a lot of parties and socialise extensively, the inevitable spin-off from my job in public relations with a textile company – so I'm constantly meeting new people. I DON'T change boyfriends as regularly as I change knickers, but I'm always interested in meeting men and bedding them – if that's what they want.

Lately, I've been having a marvellous affair with a man in his middle 40s who really knows how to satisfy a woman – and who happens to be a very kind and understanding man into the bargain. He also knows a group of people who meet regularly for group sex scenes, and one evening he asked me if I'd like to spend a weekend with him and his kinky friends at a house party down in Sussex.

Frankly, I had to think long and hard before arriving at a decision. When masturbating, I'd often fantasized about being gang-banged or participating in an orgy, but somehow I doubted if I had the self-confidence required to undress in front of a room full of people and behave with the same lack of inhibition as if I were alone with my boyfriend in the privacy of our bedroom. Nevertheless, my pussy dampened at the possibility of a sustained group fucking session (I need at least an hour of cock before I can come) and I reluctantly agreed to 'go along for the ride'.

Kinky Couple

When we finally pulled off an obscure B-road and into a long gravel drive leading up to big Georgian manor house, I didn't really know what to expect – or what was expected of me. The hostess – a tall, refined German lady of about 50 – greeted us at the top of the steps in the company of her apparent lover – a man of about 24 dressed in skin-tight black leather jeans. Talk about a kinky couple!

There were a total of ten house guests, and, apart from one self-confessed homosexual and a leather-clad female of about 30 who was quite obviously a man-hating dominatrix, I was pleasantly surprised by the level of physical attractiveness. Including Brian, my lover, there were five men who I reckoned I could give myself to with very little persuasion, and I looked forward to getting naked and matching all outrageous conduct stride for stride. I'd packed black silk stockings, my favourite vibrator, and a selection of hats (Brian's kinky about semi-naked ladies wearing elegant hats) and I was itching to fuck.

However, like everyone else, I had to sit through a three-course meal before the fun began – hardly an ordeal, considering the excellence of the food and wine that was put on the table before us.

Just before coffee, the hostess told everyone she felt bored, so she lifted her skirt and, aided by her young lover, climbed on to the huge refectory table, spread her legs (in surprisingly good shape, considering her years) and proceeded to spread sherry trifle all over her copiously hairy fanny! I was utterly dumbfounded by her conduct (more befitting a live sex show artiste than a middle-aged country lady) and greedily swigged at my huge glass of cognac to steady my nerves.

Anything Goes

It seemed that it was a house rule that when the hostess stripped, the guests followed suit, but I was totally unprepared for the frantic sexual activity that followed. It was literally 'anything goes', and, by way of taking full advantage of this unwritten rule, an elegant, silver-haired man who had been eyeing me ever since I arrived and was seated opposite me, walked around the table and took hold of me, showering my cheeks and neck with kisses, tearing open my blouse and grabbing my breasts. I got to my feet to try and escape, but he simply pulled me closer to him, the unmistakable bulge of his erection digging into my belly. I backed away, only to come into contact with Brian, who had seen what was happening, and decided to join in the fun. Suddenly I found myself pinioned between the two men, a hard dick digging into my arse, another into my belly.

Almighty Tear

'Get her skirt up!' said Brian, and suddenly it was up around my waist, my privacy guarded only by a silly little pink satin G-string which tied at the hips with bows. The more I struggled the more they liked it – then, with an almighty tear, Brian ripped my bra strap off, my 36-B cups slumping, white and stiff-nippled, on to my rib cage.

'Get her over the table!' someone said, excitedly. I looked around, expecting to see everyone converging on me, and was relieved to discover I was far from being the only female singled out for 'the treatment': a pretty redhead, resplendent in jewels and expensive-looking cocktail dress, was sitting with her breasts exposed and two enormous cocks in her mouth, while the awesome leather lady was standing by the enormous stone fireplace, her statuesque thighs spread, her hairy crotch being slavishly lapped and finger-probed by a man old enough to be her father.

Still on my feet, I was held firmly from behind and 'made' (no real force was required on this willing victim!) to bend over the table, my legs spread wide, my face coming to rest just inches from the cheese dish! I flinched as the stranger's cock was jiggled around my wet vulva, then, without warning, humped into my depths with one huge thrust. While his accomplice poked around inside me, Brian toyed with my tits and, dipping his hand into the sherry bowl, smeared a handful over my face, then worked another huge glob into my hair.

'Put some all over her cunt and arsehole, too!' said the guy whose cock was exploring me. 'We can watch while Eva licks it off afterwards!'

'Don't worry,' said Brian to me, reassuringly. 'She won't expect you to follow suit.'

Sumptuous Bed

Two hours later, having been fucked all over the floor and halfway up the stairs (where I was dragged into the gloomy library by two old codgers and subjected to a very kinky physical examination), I allowed myself to be carried into the hostess's boudoir, where, on her sumptuous bed, I was again 'restrained'. I made a real professional show of screaming and wriggling and protesting while I was licked all over with shattering expertise, my pussy being held open and her tongue flicking around my clit with such consummate skill, I couldn't help but climax for the umpteenth time that memorable evening. All around the bed, the guests stood and watched, some drinking champagne, some masturbating freely, obviously inspired by what was surely a wildly-indecent spectacle.

Later there followed a dirty Polaroid session, more champagne, then bed – this time alone with Brian.

'Well? How did you enjoy the party?' he asked, wriggling down between my thighs and nibbling my bruised clitoris.

'Not bad,' I replied. 'But I didn't reckon the sherry trifle.'

Josie, Leeds

Marilyn puts her career at risk by becoming more than just friendly with the boss's boyfriend . . .

I'm 19 years old and I work as a salesgirl at a shop unit in Kensington Market, London, selling high-fashion sportswear. The lady I work for has other units in the West End, and regards me as her star pupil, paying me 20 per cent more than her other girls and giving me six per cent commission on everything I sell – because of my ability to shift a LOT of merchandise.

I see my lady boss maybe two or three times a week and, sometimes, when I call at her home in Islington, I see her live-in boyfriend. He's about 38 years old and very attractive, and I've had a crush on him ever since we met, although I'm well aware it would be professional suicide were I to try to pull him, and, for that reason alone, I've always made a point of keeping my distance.

Moisten

However, a month or so back, my employer went to the States on business, and the day after she left I was surprised to receive a 'phone call at my flat from her boyfriend, inviting me round to their house for a drink. Even as I talked to him on the 'phone I felt myself moisten, and although every other part of me seemed to cry: 'Don't do it!', I agreed to visit him the following evening. I played with myself in bed that night, thinking about it . . .

It was the first time we'd been together in the absence of his common law wife, and at first I was fidgety and nervous. But, as we talked, it became painfully obvious that we had a lot in common, and, as I embraced and kissed him, it was as though I could see my career prospects melting before my very eyes.

'It's got to be tonight only,' I panted as I surrendered myself to him, his hand high up my skirt, just a fraction from my panties. 'Purely physical – I mustn't get involved with you.'

He said nothing, though I could tell by the look on his face that he also sensed our compatibility. So, while we couldn't share our love, we compensated with a marvellous, prolonged, utterly abandoned fuck. Indeed, when John (as I'll call him) stepped out of his jeans and briefs, I realized why any endeavour to 'keep' him would be more than mere professional suicide: He was so enormously hung, Cathy would surely kill in order to keep him!

Protruding

'You're really big,' I said, easing back on the sofa cushions, opening my legs sluttishly and starting to stroke my clit with a moistened index finger. 'I'm surprised she leaves you here all by yourself. Come closer.'

He stood in front of me, hands on narrow hips, his massive, dribbling dick protruding almost vertically from his crotch like some obscene, flesh-covered flagpole. It must have been all of a foot long.

Firm Grip

'Let me suck it. I want to make the most of this – you've got the biggest, most beautiful cock I've ever seen in my life.'

I felt like such a tramp, sitting with his huge, salty prong in my mouth, swirling my saliva around its bulbous, purple knob. Taking a firm grip of the velvety-smooth shaft, I started to ease his voluminous foreskin to and fro. It would have been dreamy to have milked his come into my mouth there and then, but for one thing: I wanted it deep in my cunt, which by now was shamefully wet and flexing with anticipation.

John knelt between my thighs and played with my tits awhile; then, edging closer, he

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WOMEN'S Writes

After a while I just abandoned myself to him, throwing my legs apart and lying there like a rag doll

started to grind against my crotch with the underside of his hard-on. I gyrated my hips circularly, bringing my hot, wet sex into direct contact with him:

'Put it inside me, for fuck's sake!' I whispered, bracing myself for the onslaught of his donkey-like appendage.

The first six inches was no problem, and John rubbed my clit as he eased another inch forward. But the final four inches sent me half-crazy, stuffing and stretching me, going where no cock had ever been before.

Shuddering

'Oh my God, what are you doing to me?' I wailed, as finally our pubic hairs mingled. John hadn't even started pumping, yet I was coming time and again, shuddering uncontrollably. It was then he eased my legs still further apart, lifting my ankles until they were almost touching my ears – one of the many advantages of double-jointedness!

'God, you look amazingly vulnerable!' he said, gloating over my engorged clit.

I have only a blurred recollection of what happened next, for as he started to mercilessly hump his thing in and out of me, I climaxed so long and strong I almost lost consciousness. After a while I just abandoned myself to him, throwing my legs apart and lying there like a rag doll.

'Do anything you want with me!' I remember saying, now virtually comatose.

I stayed with John that night. In the early hours I woke him up for more, sucking that wondrous cock of his again and finally sitting on his face. He did me in every position imaginable, until I was in a state of delirium. In the morning it was John's turn to awaken me – and what more delightful way for a drowsy girl to greet a new day than with an appreciative tongue in her twat?

John said he'd call me at home that night, and at 8pm sharp, the 'phone rang. However, I didn't answer it: I had my future to think of.

Marilyn V, London NW3

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Lita lets us in on a few of the ways she manages to keep her lucky boyfriend happy and horny . . .

I'm 18 years old and I live at home in Middlesex with my parents. I go to art college in the West End, where I'm studying graphics. I spend most of my spare time with my boyfriend at his flat in Covent Garden. He's a film animator by profession, and although he's ten years older than me, we have a very good relationship. Phil loves to see me dress up for him in sexy undies, and I'm forever buying 'goodies' in the various Soho sex shops to keep him turned-on.

While Phil likes this constant experimentation, my 'old favourite' combination of fishnet stockings and black peephole bra always seems to produce a magnificent erection. He's especially fond of lubricating my nipples with Vaseline, then playing a vibrator on them until they're erect. However, this little

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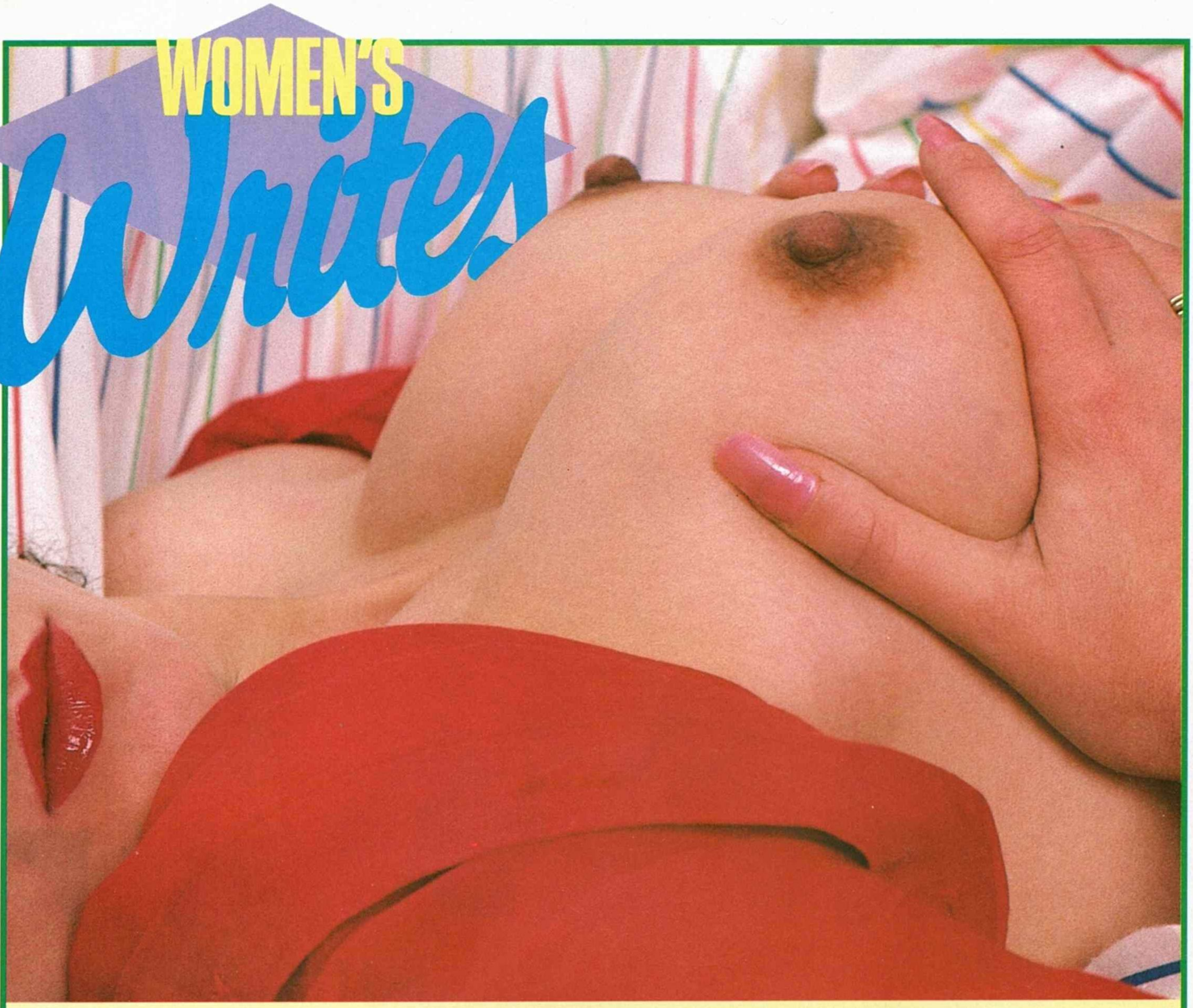
WOMEN'S Writes



I first discovered this ability to achieve orgasm by nipple stimulation quite by accident

ceremony is more than just a visual aphrodisiac for his benefit alone. I happen to be 'blessed' with ultra-sensitive nipples, and if enough time is spent caressing them, I can usually manage to come.

Sensation

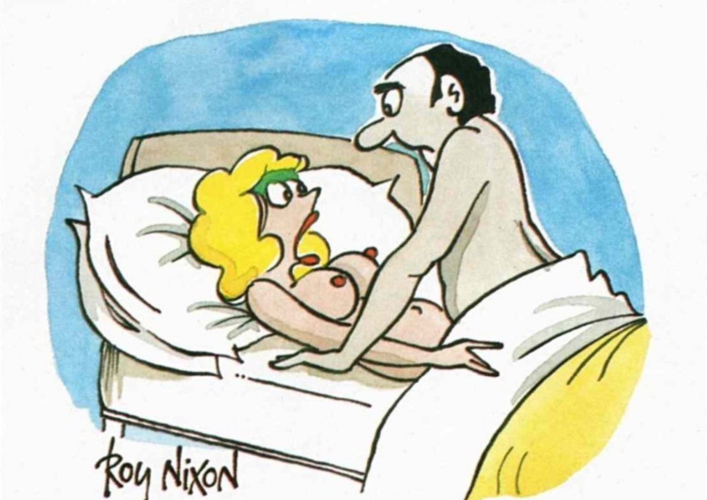
I first discovered this ability to achieve orgasm by nipple stimulation quite by accident. I was at an end-of-term dance, wearing a tight T-shirt with no bra underneath, and as my nipples chafed against the cotton, I started to thrill to the sensation, rather than experience discomfort. From that day on I've avoided wearing bras whenever possible – much to the delight of my boyfriends!

Once I've paraded up and down the bedroom a few times (stopping occasionally to be goosed or to playfully tease and tickle my boyfriend's pretty cock) it's time for 'kinky caresses'. Most of all, I like to be held wriggling and kicking over my boyfriend's lap in the bottom-smacking position. If he's in a *really* dirty mood he'll pour baby oil between my buttocks, which feels absolutely FANTASTIC trickling over my bottom-hole and then lower down, between my labia and over my clitty. Then, when I'm well and truly slippery with the stuff, Phil slips the flat of his hand between my arse cheeks and gives me a glorious, vigorous rub-off.

Wickedly Sensual

Another of our great pleasures in life is doing naughty things in public parks. There's something wickedly sensual about relieving a boy into your mouth in the ferns at Richmond Park on a hot summer afternoon, or wearing a long, pleated skirt, slipping your knickers off, and sitting on a stiff prick while families walk past, oblivious they're within feet of a young girl getting her cunt stuffed.

Meanwhile, in the realms of fantasy, I dream longingly of having two boys sucking my tits while we all sit and watch some unspeakably filthy movie. I'd sit with my skirt up, a dildo up my cunt (a big, black rubber one, ideally), frigging myself either with my fingertips or with a vibrator – a blond on my left tit, a muscular black boy on my right. Who knows? Maybe one day I'll get around to turning fantasy into reality – but not with Phil. He's much too possessive to consider anything TOO bizarre. *Lita B, Ruislip, Middx*



Of course there have never been any other men! Why do you all ask the same questions?

club Chance would be a fine thing!

After meeting Jerri, we're almost of a mind to start calling this feature *Club Chancer*. After all, how many models would grab hold of the photographer's tie as soon as she's met him, asking if she can have it for her collection . . . *and* get away with it?

'I honestly do collect them,' she told stunned lensman Dave, as she folded his Italian silk number into her pocket. 'I've got more than 50 of them now, and quite a lot of them come from the customers in the pub where I work part-time as a barmaid. And don't think I'm taking advantage of them when they're drunk: I don't need to . . .'

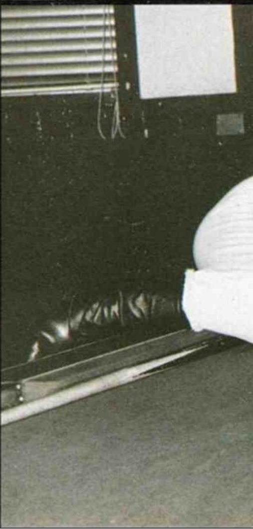
But getting all tied up is only part of what this 19-year-old is all about. She adores animals, and absolutely dotes on a pet bunny called Rupert. Never thought we'd ever be jealous of a blasted rabbit, but there you are.

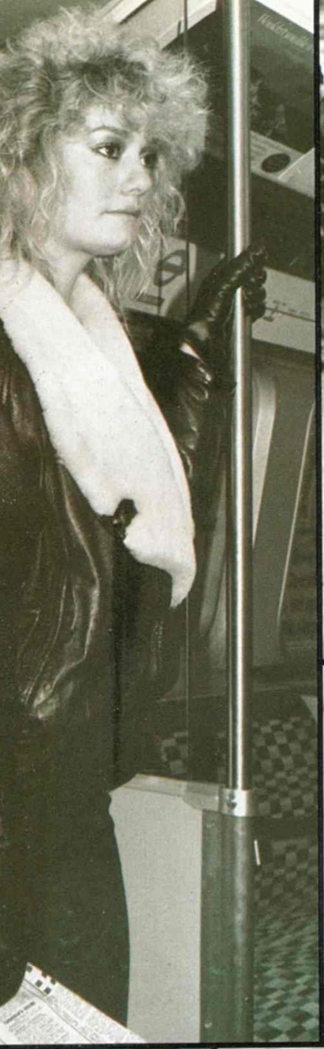
Jerri also does her bit to keep the Trafalgar Square pigeons well-fed. 'I've been coming here quite a lot since I moved to London,' she says, chucking another handful of birdseed to what must be the most pampered pigeons on the planet. 'I came up from Swansea to seek my fortune – and although I'm still looking, I love every minute of it!'

There's more, though. If you're ever lucky enough to be invited round to Jerri's for dinner, you can expect something a bit special – she adores cooking foreign health food dishes. You can also expect a session with the Tarot cards, another of the big things in Jerri's life. If you play them right and end up staying in the night, you can further expect to be dragged out of bed at the crack of dawn and forced to go jogging with this fitness fanatic.

All in all, quite a girl. And although this was her first-ever picture session, we doubt very much if this is the last time you'll be seeing Jerri in Club.

Photographs by Dave Antony





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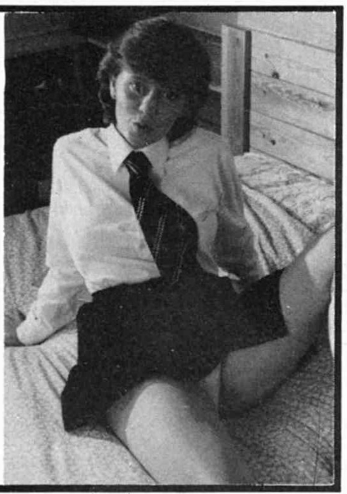

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Code

A – Transexual
B – Untamed Sex
C – Emmanuals Silver Tongue
D – Mud Wrestling the Kinky Way
E – Dirty Go-Go Girl
F – College Girls
G – Spanking Good Fun
H – Swedish Massage
I – Sex Slaves
J – Young Stud, Big Boy Action
K – Oriental Sex
L – Teenage Sex
M – Swedish Gang Bang

Code

N – Lesbian Love
O – Huge Breasts Galore
P – Girls – Group Sex
Q – The 'O' Girls
R – Confessions of a Hooker
S – Bondage Special
T – Gay Group Special
U – Nympho Nurses
V – Turkish Delight
W – Whips and Chains
X – Stud Farm
Y – Kinky Striptease

SPECIAL OFFER – ANY 3 FOR £33

To: **D.B. Publications, P.O. Box 131, Longfield, Dartford, Kent, DA3 7HX.**

Please send me the following three films. I attach Cheque/P.O. for £33 to **D.B. Publications.** I am over 18 years old.

1 ☐ 2 ☐ 3 ☐ 4 ☐ 5 ☐ 6 ☐

Just write code letter in the boxes

Name ....Video Format...............

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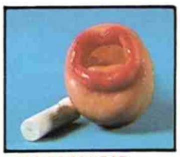
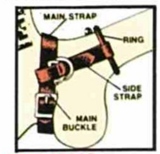


MISS GOODHEAD
Just switch on her vibrating throat for a personal "release" that will make deep throat look like a beginner.
CODE 00056 £12.95



ARAB STRAP
Strap it on at the base of the penis – positioned correctly it will show your equipment to the girls!
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JONIS BUTTERFLY
Should be called "Constant Bliss" because it straps on and continuously vibrates her clitoris.
CODE 04093 £8.75

THE STRAP-ON
The perfect gift for two girls who live alone or for nights when she wants even more!
Solid CODE 11263 £15.95
Hollow CODE 21268 £14.95

REAL FEEL
The ultimate for your personal satisfaction – a vibrating "vagina" so truly undistinguishable from the real thing.
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LOVELY LINDA

The sexy doll. Every man's dream comes true with Linda, the maiden who never says no.
CODE 06445 £23.95

No Risk Guarantee
If after your free 14 day home trial, you arn't completely delighted, just return your purchase for a prompt refund.

① **RECTIFIER** – Slide this "tingler" over you and ease the tip in while your penis enters at the same time – the rest will be history. Code 07915 £6.25.

② **EXTAS-X** – For a trouble-free jerk-off, this one does it all! It SUCKS, PUMPS & VIBRATES TO REALLY GET YOUR HOT ROCKS OFF! Code 07121* £27.50.

③ **FILL'ER UP** – Yes, this one will tame the horniest size freak of them all with its 2" thick, 8" long vibrating power. Code 05190* £13.55.

④ **THE TORMENTOR** – It enters gently and swells to fill her up totally while the vibrating pumps get her off! Code 04946* £15.95.

⑤ **KONG-DONG** – It's 13" LONG and a full 2½" thick to give any woman enough to make her scream "enough, it hurts!" Code 01182 £16.95.

⑥ **SILVER BULLET** – Perfect for the classy but horny woman in your life . . . the elegant vibrator that looks like jewelry! Code 08581* £6.95.

⑦ **HOT STUD** – That's right, this vibrator actually gets HOT so it goes in feeling just like the real thing. Code 08457* £21.95.

⑧ **GOLDFINGER** – Just slip this classy number into her and vibrate her clitoris or pussy to an orgasmic explosion every time! Code 07138* £7.25.

⑨ **THE RIPPLE MEDICAL ERECTION AID** – Formerly available only from doctors, this special device helps you maintain a hard-on! Code 04563* £8 25.

⑩ **ANAL PROBE** – Put this one into her and turn on the buzzing excitement she's been waiting for all her life! Code 08418* £8.55.

⑪ **DELUXE EJACULATOR** – This one feels better than anything you've met because it vibrates, pulsates and "squeezes". Code 01611* £17.95.

⑫ **THE STRAP-ON** – Wear it . . . if she's woman enough to bear it! The perfect gift for two girls – or for nights when she wants more! Code **11263 £15.95**

⑬ **THREE ORGY DROPS** – Give her (and yourself) new thrills with NYMPHOMANIAC DROPS, SPURIOUS SPANISH FLY HARD-ON DROPS!

⑭ **PROLONG** – If you want to see her beg you to stop instead of begging you for more, this ejaculation-delay spray will do it! Code 04038* £4.75.

⑮ **STUD 100** – Just a quick spray of this special formula on your erection and it will last so long she'll be "deeply impressed"! Code 01421* £4.25.

Gives head like me!
Pleasure both in front and behind!
Bigger is better and here's the biggest!
The world's super suck-off!
Be ready all the time!
What the doctor ordered!
Sweet tasting
Double your fun!
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STA-HARD
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⑯ **ENDROS – IT MAKES WOMEN WANT YOU** – Yes, this men's after shave contains Androsten so they smell a good'un coming! 2fl. oz. Code 00473* £9.25. Giant 4fl. oz. Code 00549* £17.00.

⑰ **SPURIOUS SPANISH FLY SUGAR** – Yes, you've heard about it and how it can make a woman crazy with the need for a stiff one. Code 08244* £3.75.

⑱ **UNIVERSAL COCK RING** – The battery's already in the "clit-stimulating" bumper and the adjustable ring keeps you harder! Code 02719* £10.95.

⑲ **PENIS EXTENDER** – Add 1½" TO YOUR PENIS LENGTH – just slip this cock extender on like a condom and she'll feel really probed! Code 05612* £4.25.

⑳ **DOUBLE DONG** – Two can play for the price of one with this "double header" **CODE 06287 £13.95**

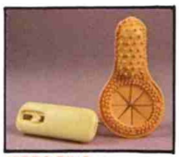
㉑ **SUPER DONG** – Fill her to the brim with life-like and flexible larger-than-life lady taming dong! Code 01645* £7.25.

㉒ **HARD-ON PILLS** – Get instant erotic energy for those moments when your spirit is willing but the flesh is a little weakened! Code 09407* £3.75.

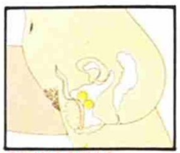
㉓ **ANAL INTRUDER COLLECTION** – The special vibrator plus 5 great attachments let you give every bit the pleasure or pain it needs! Code 00508* £15.95.

㉔ **STA-HARD** – This special cream keeps you stiff for those marathons that make you a sexual "legend with the ladies". Code 08408* £4.25.

㉕ **PENISATOR** – Vibrates you to a new dimension and when the buzzing vibes of the "clit banger" hit her button – ORGASMIC! Code 04532 £5.25.



VIBRO RING
A nice big, solid love bump covered Clitoral Stimulator sits on top of your penis shaft and sends her wild.
CODE 03558 £6.95



BEN WA BALLS
A gentle rolling back and forth causes the Ben Wa's to create a super-pleasing erotic sensation.
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DELUX EJACULATOR
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ERECTION CREAM

MR BIG CREAM
Maximize your penis potential with this amazing erection cream. Just a dab does the job!
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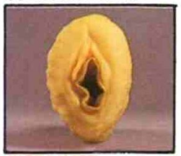

ULTRA MATE
Portable vagina with a vibrating action that really makes you happy. The ultimate tension reliever of all time.
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VIXEN CREAM Turns any woman into a insatiable vixen. Just smear on 10 mins before take-off. **CODE X209 £3.00**

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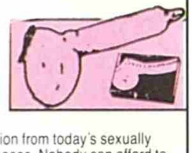
INTIMATE LUBRICANT Superbly lubricated gel to help alleviate friction and discomfort. **CODE X031 £3.25**

PHEMERONE SPRAY Male phemerone is the secret subliminally detected sex-smell of man. **CODE X362 £5.95**

ANTI STD SHEATH



The sheath that offers absolute hygiene. Designed to cover the entire genital area offering the greatest protection from today's sexually transmitted diseases. Nobody can afford to be without it! Supplied in packs of 10
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Designed for those who are losing their powers of erection and who wish to gradually increase the size of their penis. This developer is of the highest quality and not to be confused with the cheaper inferior models. **CODE X028D £29.95**

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30-40 pages of sensational erotic underwear. Stunning, breath-taking and outrageous – this is THE LINGERIE catalogue. Yours for only **£3.00 (Code LPC)**

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